

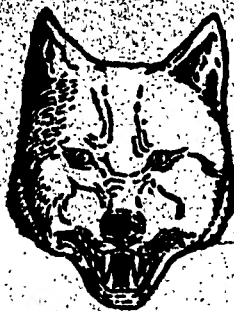
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COOKING LAKE

AND OTHER STORIES



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GRAY MCCLINTOCK



THE WOLVES AT COOKING LAKE



Gray Mc Clintock

The WOLVES
at
COOKING LAKE
AND OTHER STORIES



GRAY MCCLINTOCK

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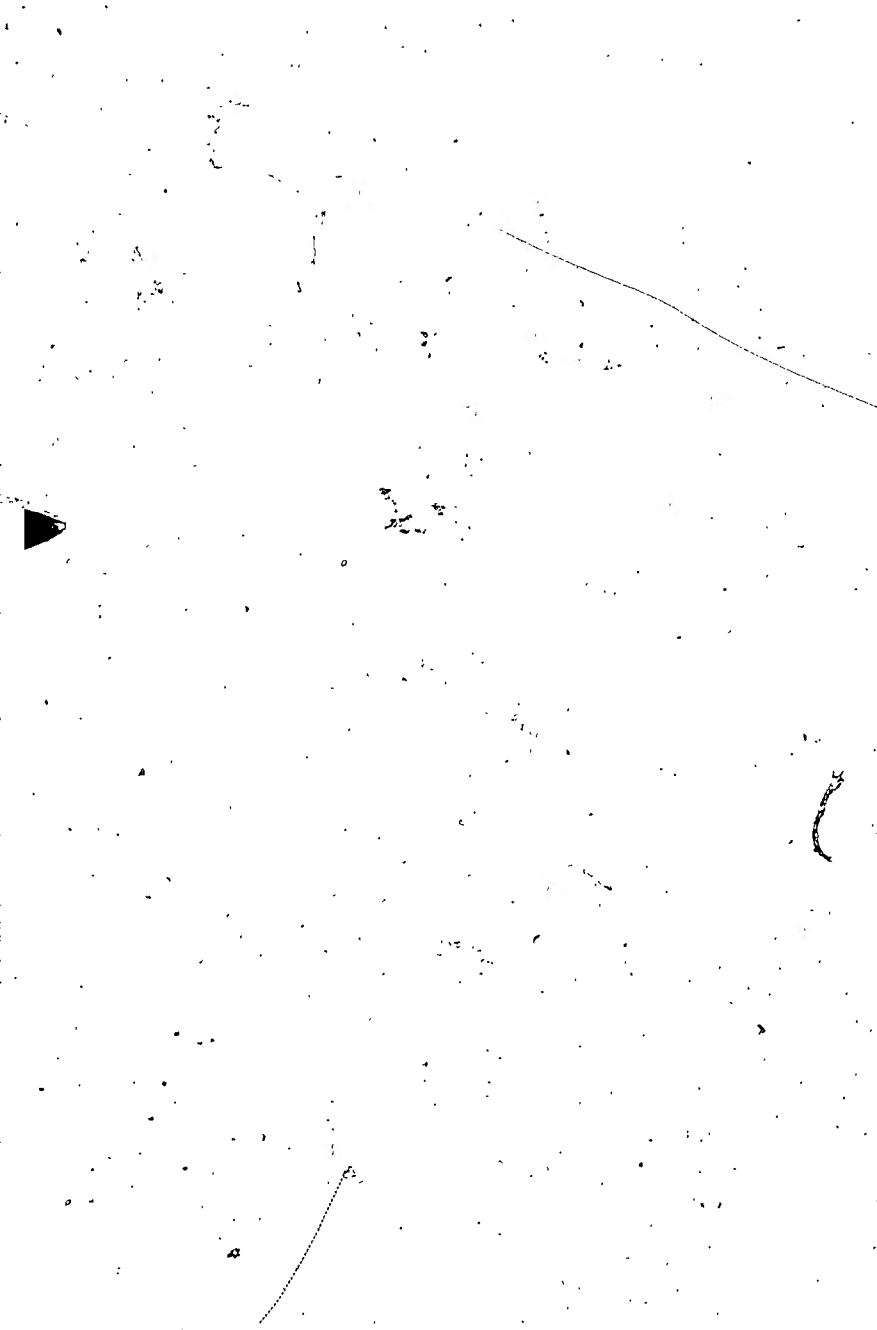
To three young fellows

Clyde Kittell, Winslow Leighton, John Herlihy
who met an Old Timer one time at a ford, gave
him a lift over, and set him down where the
"going" was easier—this book of stories is
affectionately dedicated.



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THE WOLVES AT COOKING LAKE

THIS is a "Frenchie Revere" story. Frenchie is a wolf-man. He knows wolves and tells a good story, so he is always interesting. There are plenty of wolf stories in the memories of the Old Timers. They all had experiences and there was little need of romance. The contact with the desperadoes was more thrilling. In every heavily wooded district that sheltered game, timber-wolves might be found. Generally they ran in pairs but would pack up in shorter time than seemed possible, when the occasion demanded, and that was all too often. The Cooking Lake country has always been infested with the Killers. They have run the game in that region for years. Now that the homesteaders have come in, the vermin have worked north and east.

A wolf is shrewd. He observes, reasons and makes his deductions. He is smarter than the average man, but he will not tolerate the presence of the latter. When the human stays, the wolf clears out.

Sit in while Frenchie tells this one—

"One October I ran into the Cooking Lake, Hudson Bay camp with a young preacher, heading for the Hay Lakes Mission. I had four dogs hitched tandem, a light load, light snow, good weather, and the young

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crusader was a real fellow. How that young chap could sing, and how the dogs caught up the chorus. Happy dogs, keen runners and biddable huskies are always noisy.

I had thought of wolves before starting on the trip. Monte Graham advised the Iron Creek trail to the mission, but I preferred the Police route, wolves or no wolves. It was October and there should be no hungry vermin that early in the season. In the late afternoon the dogs began to quiet down. They were gathering news with their noses in the air. Shortly they began to be impatient, snarly and cross, seemingly without reason, which was a sure sign that they were mulling something over in their minds. We were heading into a greater danger than I had realized. Wolves were paralleling us as we ran through the heavy timber. A pair of them for some time, but these were being joined by others. I gathered this from the growls and wolf-profanity I could hear at times. There was no great danger in this situation for I knew there would not be an attack so long as daylight remained and we kept going, so I tightened my belt and mushed the dogs along faster. Behind on the sleigh, Patterson was enjoying the outing as a real adventure. He realized no danger, and I took good care that none of my fears impressed him. Just before we reached the shores of

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the lake the trail leads up a short but rather steep hill. At this point came the first clear warning from the wolves—the rallying call of a great male. No one who has ever heard this cry, and knows or guesses its meaning, will forget it. It is the hunting cry; a kill is at hand, a victim for slaughter and the communal message to pack-up going out, sent in this instance, a shiver through my very soul. Half a mile further was safety and we had to go through. The dogs stopped and crouched in their tracks whimpering. Stepping to one side where the lash of my whip would punish them, I woke them to a sense of their duty. Calling to the missionary to run behind and keep close to the sleigh, I again took the lead for the dogs. As we topped the hill and sped down the long slope to the camp, the rallying cry continued at shorter periods. It was quite dark now and occasionally I could see the green eyes and huge forms of the gray demons as they ventured into sight. Patterson, not yet entirely realizing his danger, kept up his light run of song and banter, which was the best sermon he could possibly have preached under the circumstances. Nearing the camp at last, I went back to the sleigh and rode it in. The dogs, gasping for breath after the hurry-up run, stopped at the door of the larger cabin, and without any waste of time we started to unload the sleigh. I took the

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dogs off the load and led them to the stable about 150 feet distant. In my nervous haste, one mistake was made that no plainsman should be guilty of. I left my rifle in the sleigh for Patterson to carry in. As I rushed the dogs in and shut the door, I realized conditions were worse than I had believed. The rallying cry was being heeded and the wolves were coming fast. They were howling, crying, growling and threatening among themselves, congregating for an attack to be centered upon us. The presence of danger was manifest but my dogs had to be fed and made ready to rest. I separated and tied them far enough apart so that, in their fear and hysteria they could not fight among themselves. Then I threw them their food and opened the door to gauge the situation outside. I hoped that Patterson in the cabin was not fully aware of my predicament. Then the thought of his locking the door to bar me as I rushed across the 50 yards that lay between the buildings, stunned me. It might mean my death. The wolves would surely get me, drag me down and worry me to shreds before he could realize what had happened. If I had only brought my rifle with me. It was a foolish situation I had gotten myself into but I had to get out of it alone. There was no license for me to call on the help of a green tenderfoot. He was in my charge and had to be kept from all harm if possible. Among the

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dog-wolves there were the same series of threats, growls of anger and battle ever evident when, with their mates, itinerant wolves newly mingle in a pack. There soon would be battles, and once let the carnage rage, all chances of my escape would be lost for an indefinite period. I had to get into the cabin with Patterson, to reassure him and to get my hands on my rifle. About two feet from the door I spied a long stick that some previous traveler had possibly used for a tent-pole. With a rush and a volley of yells I secured it and brought it back into the stable with me. Just at that instant I heard Patterson calling and I answered him quickly.

"Keep back in the house. Don't try to come here, and don't lock the door, but stand ready to open and close it quickly when you hear me coming."

"Right-O," came back his cheery reply.

Securing my door I searched among the dogs for the litter of bedding, dried hay and grass that had been brought in at times. I wove and braided, twisted and tangled this until I had a goodly sized ball tied around the end of my stick. Then stepping into the open I closed and fastened the door behind me securely, struck a match to light my torch of hay and boldly started across the space between the buildings. In the presence of the flame the wolves left off their quarrel-

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ing and slunk into the brush, closing in behind me as I progressed. Watching closely I thrust the fire into their faces when they became too bold and hurried as fast as I could. The danger was not too great until, in my excitement, while thrusting at a big dog-wolf, my stick struck a tree knocking the burning brush loose. Now I was up against real trouble. The stick in my hands was no weapon with which to fight wolves and they were crowding around. In front, however, were two smaller ones and with a maddening slash I struck at them. One slunk into the timber but the other one showed fight. Again I struck, this time hitting him across the nose. He gave ground and I dashed past him yelling at the top of my lung-power for Patterson to open the door. He heard me coming and he should have, for I was yelling loud enough,—that strange hysterical scream, half anger and half fear, as I rushed through the open door to safety. The disappointed wolves came milling and threatening. Immediately in front of the door there began, judging by the noise, the worst wolf-fight I had ever heard. The heavy guttural growls mingled with the attack, while at times the tearing fangs induced short keen yelps as flesh and bone were torn and broken. It was indescribable, horrible and devilish and I determined to end it.

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"Patterson," I cried, "When I tell you, open the door wide and then step back clear. Set the lantern in the window behind me so that the light will shine through the door."

After noting that the chamber of my rifle was full, I took my place before the door and called:—

"Open it, Patterson."

As the door flew open disclosing the struggling mass of beasts battling to kill, I shot into the heap. As fast as I could work the mechanism of my rifle the messengers of lead went forth. The wolves, wounded and alarmed, torn and dying, broke from the struggle and slunk off into the brush. There were four carcasses left behind that my bullets had found. These I dragged from the very threshold to the side of the building and then shut the door again.

"We might as well finish this, Patterson," I suggested. "Are you game to go out with me and make a clean up?" The heat of battle was in my blood, and I knew that unless the pack was broken we might be prisoners indefinitely, or at least until the blood lust in the brutes was satiated.

The little Irish preacher, brave enough to carry the story of the Cross into the wilderness, needed no further suggestions.

"Yes, I will, and what can I do to help," he answered.

THE WOLVES OF COOKING LAKE

"Take this lantern with you, and stay close beside me. Hold the light above your head and watch all about. See that no wolves come around the house to attack from behind."

"Right-O, I'm ready. This is my fight too," he replied. Already the wolves had dragged one of the carcasses away. We noted this as we stepped out into darkness, and as the feeble light from the lantern shone out, several others of the brutes were in view. Again I shot, killing a big dog-wolf. Immediately the pack scattered.

"Turn the light down, Patterson," I directed, "and when I tell you, be ready to turn it up quickly."

Down went the light and in the darkness we shifted a few feet further out and to one side.

"Now, turn it up."

All about us in the half-light, we could see the green eyes shining with menace at us.

"Between the eyes" was my target and as I fired another brute went down. Down went the light a second time, to flare up again quickly. Another shot and another wolf accounted for.

Patterson, glancing about, spied two wolves coming around the end of the cabin.

"Quick, behind you, Frenchie, get those two."

I got them, and they were real wolves. We walked

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over to their carcasses, realizing with relief that the pack was being broken fast.

"Let's go in. We are about through," I suggested.

Then the Soldier of the Cross, having taken his first baptism of blood in the wilderness, led the way into the cabin.

He prayed that night, did the soldier, and the God of Missions heard him.

THE WORD OF RUNNING WOLF

HIS name in Cree was "Sung Manitu—Nazica," or "The Wolf who runs," and as he grew it changed to "Running Wolf." He was born on the Northeast corner of the Hobbema Reserve of Ermine Skin, and at the age of ten years was washed, de-loused, disinfected and taken to the Sisters School for Indian Children at the Agency. After three years of uneventful school life, the lad developed two marked characteristics other than a record for intelligent effort to absorb what was taught him. He had a quick temper that raged like an explosion of red fire, but died out as quickly as it came, and a marked ability as a runner. He was well named; angry, he raged like a wolf at bay, and he had the wind, courage, and stamina that characterizes the wolves.

One afternoon in school, Sister St. Desida, his teacher, was taken seriously ill at her work. The children were dismissed and stood about, frightened, grieving and mourning. A doctor was necessary but there were no men near and none available at the agency. There was no telephone. Dr. Baldwin at Wetaskiwin, sixteen miles away was the nearest medical aid. Running Wolf sensed the distress of the Sisters, and he slipped away to his quarters, discarded his clothes

THE WORD OF RUNNING WOLF

as fast as he could, tied his red bandana neckerchief about him for a breech clout and started. The Sister Superior spied him as he fled down the slope before the school. She uttered a prayer for the courageous little soul and turned back to her patient. In a shorter time than seemed possible, Dr. Baldwin arrived and Sister St. Desida was laid on the operating table. It was appendicitis but the life of the Sister was saved. This feat came to the notice of Archie McLean, and weeks afterwards, much to the distress of Running Wolf, he was called before the school while Father Dubois pinned a medal of silver on his jacket. Of course the Indian lad was proud and on Sundays he always wore his medal, and he looked mighty brave in his little blue suit with the brass buttons and his silver token of bravery.

When he went back in the holidays to the camp and teepee of his father and mother, he did not forget either his medal or his blue suit, and that made him a target for the sarcasm and raillery of his relatives. Indian children are strong on tormenting and teasing and often Indian parents indulge themselves in the same dangerous practice. In the case of Running Wolf, the idea of the continued verbal onslaught was to weaken his determination to return to school. This

THE WORD OF RUNNING WOLF

peculiar phase in the character of the Indians used to be one of the problems of the missionary.

Running Wolf stood his ground as long as he could, but one day his temper flamed up and he picked up a rock and threw it at his cousin Sleeping Beaver with all his might. The rock struck the lad in the temple and killed him. Almost immediately the whole camp was in an uproar. There was a division of sympathy and sentiment at the Council fire but in the end the wisdom of Sub-Chief Red Arrow prevailed, and Running Wolf was handed over to the Royal Mounted.

When they took the little Indian boy to Fort Saskatchewan to await his trial, Father Dubois saw to it that the brave little blue suit with the brass buttons and the silver medal went with him.

Running Wolf was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to ten years in prison. He could not, of course, guess the full import of the sentence, but he missed his mother, his school, the Sisters, his little blue suit and his medal.

A year went by and in the interval the whole political fabric of the Northwest Territory was changed. Alberta became a Province with a government of its own, and Archie McLean, the finest Scotchman west of the Red River, was made Provincial Secretary.

THE WORD OF RUNNING WOLF

Included in his department was the supervision of the prisons and other public institutions.

That was how it happened that Archie came back into the life of Running Wolf, and this is how he demonstrated to Canada and the world, that once an Indian gives his word, he will face privation, danger, and suffer even death itself to make it good.

In the summer the tribe moved north to pick the Saskatoon berries, the only stable fruit of the north, and passing Fort Saskatchewan, they made camp to visit the little red-man prisoner. Archie McLean happened to be there at the time and a beautiful idea struck him. Friendly, considerate Archie McLean—it was typical of the man who was always seeking to do some one a kindness. He talked it over with Running Wolf in the cell that evening.

"Boy, stand up here before me." Running Wolf jumped to attention before Archie, as he had seen the police do in the orderly room and saluted with a brave gesture.

"Would you like to go picking berries too, Running Wolf?" The boy's black eyes snapped.

"Yes, Archie." (Archie was all he could remember of McLean's name.)

"If I let you go with them for a moon, the harvest

THE WORD OF RUNNING WOLF

moon, would you come back again to prison to serve the time the Court has set?"

"Yes, Archie."

"Will you swear it by the word of an Indian?"

Running Wolf laid the two first fingers of his right hand first across his forehead and then across his heart.

"I will come back, Archie, at the dark of the harvest moon."

"All right, boy, run now, and when you are ready come to the orderly room and bring your medal."

In a few minutes, Running Wolf was at the door of the room, his medal in his hands. Archie took it, and to make a ceremonial of his act, knowing the psychological effect it would have on the mind of the lad, Archie held it to the lips of Running Wolf.

"Kiss it, boy."

Running Wolf kissed the bit of silver and as he did so his face lighted. He was to be trusted. He was to have his play, his holiday, and then he was to return to prison. He was to keep his word given in honor. He would.

Without further parley Running Wolf joined his family and together they moved out of the gates of the Fort.

Just why the Indians wandered so far from the Fort

THE WORD OF RUNNING WOLF

with the paroled prisoner, was hard to understand, but they did, and before they had made their final camp, many a mile of desolate, uninhabited region lay between them and the prison. Possibly it was in their minds that if Running Wolf was far enough away he would not attempt to return. Possibly it was with the idea that the boy would attempt to leave the country by another route, and lose himself among the southern Indians. More than once around the camp fires he heard the men talk of ways and means of escape. More than once he heard his mother mourn and protest against his fate. But if he heard, Running Wolf gave little heed. Five days before the dark of the harvest moon he announced that he was ready to start.

With a roll of pemmican and a new patchok to run in, the lad started back. He had watched the route of the tribe as they moved east, could follow their tracks back, and so he ran easily. Hour after hour through the day he hurried along. The first night he slept and rested in a tree for he was in the wolf country. Another day and he had cut down the distance back to prison appreciably. The second night he climbed a tree again and again the wolves missed him although he could hear them in the distance. The third day, he met up with a black bear that sent him into a spasm of fear. He jumped to one side and ran as hard as he could. His

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throat was raw with the hard breathing, but he kept his pace and quieted his nerves as he swiftly covered the ground.

He had been travelling three days, running most of the time, and nature was calling on him for a rest. He struck the Saskatchewan River that night and tried to rest, but the coyotes had followed him and again he had to climb a tree, while the chatter and dirge-like howls of the brutes banished all chance of sleep. He was worn out, poor little chap. His patchok was torn, his moccasins shredded, his face scratched and bleeding; his pemmican was finished and he was so hungry.

He reached the prison ferry late the next forenoon, crossed over to the south side, and wearily staggered up the hill and through the prison gates to sink exhausted on the turf of the parade ground.

The men saw him and brought him in. Later from a hospital bed he opened his eyes wonderingly.

"Did you tell Archie I was back?" he asked.

But Archie knew soon enough, and shortly after, when Running Wolf left the Fort never to come back again, he wore his brave blue suit with the brass buttons, and on his breast were pinned two medals of shining silver.

SERGEANT "SMOKY" HAYES

THOSE of us who lived in the buffalo country knew Jack Hayes long before he was Sergeant and "Smoky." Plain Jack Hayes with flair for enforcing the fire-guard regulations and running wandering Indians back on their reserve. Jack knew the danger of the unchallenged furnace of flame that at times swept to destruction across the vast plains. He had fought fires until he merited in full the compliment inferred by the name tacked on.

"Smoky" . . . The time of the big fire on the bench-land above Q'appelle. He went in to rescue a homesteader and his family, but the smoke blinded him as he rode through and his horse stumbled into a slough. Down they both went wallowing in the muck while the fire closed in all around them. The green slough grass would not burn but the smoke and flames worked on them horribly. They scrambled out somehow and ran on hard to the rescue of the endangered family. The fire had passed but the small house and stable were ablaze. The horses had fled when the first flame threatened and the unfortunate family was huddled on an open patch of ground they had kept wet.

Smoky rode across the dangerous smoulder, seized the children and took them out to safety. He got the

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parents out in the same fashion but the fire had branded them all, and deeply.

In 1900 Jack Hayes, with but one Indian Scout and interpreter brought in Im-u-tanka (Singing Otter), the Dakotah Medicine man who had been secretly organizing Ghost Dances among the Bloods on the Belly River. The Government had drawn the lines close on the Dances especially the Sun and Ghost Dances. Singing Otter had come into the Bloods from the Mandans and was breaking out a lot of loose talk among the young men. Some of the smarties were ready for any adventure and it didn't take long to organize a Ghost dance. This orgy generally precedes rebellion and always infers trouble, often with killings. Old Sitting Bull, long after he had been pardoned by the American Government for his misdeeds, had the nasty habit of indulging in Ghost dances. This was the reason for his death. Possibly you remember Red Tomahawk was sent out to bring in the Bull, but his party hit trouble and he lost both Shave-head and Beaver-Skull his right hand men. But the Red Tomahawk got Sitting Bull as the latter was sneaking out from his cache. With the death of this old warrior more stable peace prevailed among the Sioux.

There had been three or four dances among the young Indians with Im-u-tanka giving a fine line of

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propaganda. Two of the old Chiefs, both good Christian Indians, Many Moons and Both Hands protested but were laughed at, so they sent word into the Fort and to Routledge of the Police asking that Singing Otter be sent back to Dakotah. After the courier had delivered his message, Routledge sent for "Smoky."

"Send Sergeant Hayes to me."

Presently the big Policeman strode in, up to the Inspector's desk and saluted:

"Sergeant Hayes, Many Moons and Both Hands have sent in word that that Dakotah fakir, Singing Otter, is organizing dances among the young men on the river about ten miles west of the Agency. Take a patrol of one with an extra horse and bring that fool Indian in. That is all."

"Take a patrol of one." That meant two men were to be sent in to a camp of possibly fifty hot-blooded young Indians, who were nightly dancing themselves into a frenzy of rage and revolt; young devils who were spending their days in knife play and in games and plans of torture. The evangelist of all this hysterical and dangerous propaganda was reputed to be a killer, a shrewd and diabolical schemer who expounded as his gospel the extermination of the whites.

"Bring in Singing Otter." It was a big order.

It meant a lot of other things. A ride of thirty miles

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each way, a "lie out" on the prairie waiting for a psychological moment. It might mean a fight if "Singing Otter" started in to uphold his reputed prowess. In the scramble some irresponsible young buck might plant a knife. There might be a "surround," and some dotting, silly squaw shoot from behind. There might be a rush and if he went down, there would be a gag: a rope: a stake, tortures and the test by fire. All these things had happened before and the nature of the growing Indian changes little. He develops wisdom with maturity.

Routledge has been criticized for this order of the Lone Patrol. Editors and writers have scored the idea of exposing men to the mercy of dancing braves, alone and unsupported, as Hayes was in this instance. He had an Indian scout with him and the lad was all that Hayes expected him to be. To those who did not fully realize the psychological effect the police had on the minds of the Indians, Inspector Routledge was at fault. If Sergeant Hayes ever dreamed of this slant in the situation, he promptly forgot it. He knew Indians and his knowledge of what a bad Indian will do in a camp of young "Show-offs" inspired him to carry out his orders deliberately and effectively. He knew that if he could get hold of Im-utanka and humiliate him, make him the butt of a joke, all of the trouble would dis-

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appear as by magic. With this thought established "Smoky" went forth to battle.

"Smoky" took along Bear-who-creeps the young Blackfoot scout, a keen, fearless, dependable Indian. They made a quick run and an hour after nightfall were in the brush on the river-bottoms of the Belly just as it enters the Blood Reserve.

They picketed the horses in the scrub and crawled to the edge of the bench land where the dance was already in progress. The tomtoms were beating in a continuous roll and the young squaws had formed a back-ground for the hysterical, screaming bucks. Dancing insanely through the prancing young Indians and shrieking in short intervals at the top of his voice wandered Singing Otter. On his face was framed the demoniacal grin of the eccentric and as he bared his teeth in insane grimace he presented a simile of Satan..

"Smoky" waited outside the circle of light for a moment until, in the dance, the Otter had come close at hand. Then he moved quickly through the circle of astonished squaws and with Creeping Bear to guard, reached into the dancers and seized the Otter by the wrist. A second movement like the strike of a rattler, and the hatchet of the Indian went flying over the heads of the dancers into the blackness of the night behind.

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"Shoot the first man who moves in my direction. Tell them this, Creeping Bear."

The Indian scout told them, and he didn't mean "maybe." The dance ended. The tomtom beaters joined the astonished groups that under the threat of the levelled Winchester had hurried to the farther side. Holding the Otter in an iron grip, "Smoky" slipped the hand cuffs on one wrist. Then when the Indian made a gesture of rebellion, "Smoky" picked him up bodily and threw him hard on the grass. The crazy old medicine man had the wind knocked out of him for the instant. Then "Smoky" started in to break up the rebellion and his methods were sane and pacific.

Kneeling on one knee he lifted and dragged the Otter across the other and started in to administer justice in the fashion many a mother and father has adopted with effectual endings.

The result appealed to the Indians' sense of humor and the young folks started to laugh. The squaws screamed with glee, while most of the young bucks laughed and cackled among themselves like monkeys. "Smoky" made a good job of the spanking and then pushed the medicine man back on his feet and snapped on the other cuff. Leaving him standing alone, his pride, dignity and importance hurt all the way through. "Smoky" walked over to a group of older bucks, most

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of them matured enough to be made braves and who had not seemed to relish the fiasco the Mountie had made of their ceremonial. They were mad and mean, ready to fight but puzzled as to results. Picking out one of the most impudent looking, "Smoky" jerked him to one side and hit him a resounding slap on the face with his open hand. The Indian was too surprised to resent. With a mighty thrust of his arm "Smoky" hurled the young Indian aside and then strode forward to seize another. Discretion was the better part of valor once more and the group of mean Indians made a scramble to get away. Turning back to the tomtom men he kicked their drums out of their hands and hurried them in their dispersal.

"Tell them to break up this dance and get out," he called to Bear-that-Creeps.

"Tell them there is to be no more dancing, and no more fires outside of the big Camp."

The startled Indians hesitated to hear the interpretation as the scout began to call. Immediately they got the drift of the orders they stampeded for the camp.

"Tell them to bring back Singing Otter's blanket," and again the order was called.

A young buck came running with an old Mandan blanket and "Smoky" threw it over the shoulders of the trouble-maker, then led his prisoner away.

SERGEANT SMOKY HAYES

Creeping Bear kicked apart the smouldering fire and another Indian uprising had been spoiled in the brewing.

* * * * *

The next morning at the Fort, as "Smoky" gave his prisoner into the custody of the police, Inspector Routledge asked him:—"Have any trouble, Sergeant Hayes?"

"None to speak of, Sir, but if I might add a suggestion. Get the scout Bear-that-Creeps a promotion. He's a valuable man."

THE OTTER; NATURE'S PLAY-BOY

THIS is a story of another member of the weasel family, an outlaw like his cousin the wolverine, but happily blessed with a disposition entirely at variance with that contemptible old rascal. The otter is a most active, but at the same time a most secretive, cunning and evasive itinerant. His whole scheme of life seems to be killing sufficient to keep himself and his family in good flesh and after that to play to his heart's content, which appears to be most of the time. He will play *even when he is hungry*. On one occasion I learned from the story on the snow, how he had engaged in a serious fight, possibly with a lynx, and had been ripped and torn until he left behind him a trail of blood. Both battlers had been badly mauled but had broken away with honors even. I followed the trail of the otter and within less than a mile discovered that he had crossed the ice of the creek. He had lain down under a brush heap to give himself a little surgical dressing and within an hour had joined a party of other otters and had been riding on his stomach down their play-slide leaving behind him traces of blood from his wounds.

The land otter is not at all well known to hunters in general. Even the professional trappers seldom meet

THE OTTER; NATURE'S PLAY-BOY

him, save in the distress of his suffering in their traps. He is not as common as his cousin the wolverine, who, in the most cousinly sort of way he will attack to destroy. He is a sly, eccentric, wandering battler, leading an irresponsible Robin Hood sort of an existence; killing for a meal and then discarding it to go fishing, knowing that all about him are those who will hurry to fight and quarrel over what he has left.

Nature has given him a wonderful suit of winter clothes, his prime coat being the most beautiful and valuable of all the furs save the silver fox. They shade from a beautiful bronze brown on the back to dull cream colors across the belly. He is a mighty well-dressed playboy.

While he is an inveterate wanderer, he has a home range, a mate to whom he is an indifferent husband, and at periods a somewhat numerous family of whom he appears to be manifestly proud and considerate. I hate to think that this comedian is given to cannibalism as are the most of the other members of the weasel family, and I have never heard a positive statement in this regard. I have examined sufficient pelts of the female otter and noted on them plenty of unexplained scars to warrant a belief that she had been in more than one defensive battle.

The otter plays with a distinct sense of humor. He

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has a method in his fun, is a great tormenter, but not with the devilish instincts the cats use on their victims, more of the keen enjoyment of a wolf puppy in his tumbles with his mates. I watched him one morning as he started in to have a lot of fun with a porcupine. He had the old slow-poke scared, yet entirely defiant, and eventually got him to moving in circles. Then all too soon the otter reached out to push the porcupine over on his back but his methods were crude. The best he succeeded in doing was getting his paw full of quills. He didn't lose his temper but backed away to where the light was good and patiently picked the quills out with his teeth while the old porcupine moved on about his business. The laugh was on him and he seemed to realize it.

This play boy has the general appearance of a daschund, long body, very short sturdy legs and an apologetic tail that is always carried with a droop. His head and face, with his bristly whiskers, have much the appearance of a sea-lion, while his long neck and round body carry the resemblance further.

He is a fighter, but, strange as it may seem, chooses to fight those belonging to his own family rather than the other major battlers. He does not dread the presence and prolific defense of the skunk and will go out of his way to destroy this oderiferous cousin when he can.

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I witnessed a fight between an otter and a bob-cat that gave me a fair estimate of the courage of both of these game and cunning warriors. The bob-cat had been following and studying me at a distance, not with threats and warnings however, as a lynx would have done, but with the tolerant attitude of a kindly but cautious old domestic Tom. I had disappeared over a hill out of his sight, when, from behind me came a wail that ended in a snarl of rage or terror. I backed up against a big tree and began to finger my rifle preparedly, when I realized from the noise that I was missing, what I thought at first was a good cat fight.

There was no use in missing the scrap so I hurried back to the top of the rise of ground and got an eyeful. From somewhere, possibly behind the bob-cat, an otter had appeared and no sooner had he spied an enemy than he rushed to battle. It was a study in methods, this cat and otter fight. No doubt the otter wondered why the cat, instead of using his breath in threatening profanity, did not mix in and fight, and without doubt the bob-cat did not care for the close-up plan of attack. He would jump in, screeching as he came, and for an instant one would think that he would rip the otter to shreds. Then he would jump back, call names, threaten, and snarl like a savage.

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The otter kept crowding in however, like a wrestler seeking a hold, while the bob sparred and broke ground, leaping from side to side, and sometimes clearing his foe with a mighty jump. So the battle went on for possibly ten minutes. The cat was tiring. He had been hurling his forty pounds through the air as from a catapult and his legs and wind were playing out. At last he was a little too tardy making a leap and the otter rushed in, seized the squalling cat by the throat and never released his hold.

Possibly because my sympathies were with old Tom who had made peaceful progress with me for an hour, I was sorry the battle had not ended the other way, or with a truce, but it had ended naturally. The otter has a reputation, well established, of being a hard fighter.

Here is something to be added to a knowledge of this most active and comical rascal. He will dive into a pool, locate a trout, catch him in an outburst of speed and then gamble on the trout's chances of getting away again when tossed in the air in play. Invariably the trout loses. Any fisherman who can judge the speed of a trout as he darts into the shadowy depths of a pool, can appreciate this.

It is the strange habit of play that adds to the mystery of this big weasel. He is somewhat of a Jonah to

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the rest of the family, in reputation at least. They all are killers—nasty and unethical. The wolverine is unmentionable. The killing skunk is a frolicsome play-mate at times, especially with his babies. The small brown weasel or ermine is a studied cannibal and blood-feaster. The fisher-martin is always too busy to play but the otter is always at play, even when he should be caring for his family. He is an expert river-hand and will run the rapids for hours at a stretch. I saw two females with their half grown pups at play one afternoon at the head of the Pincher River where the first of the white water begins. They would drop into the water above the rapids and swim to where the swift current could catch them and down the channel they would come, dodging the boulders, and defying the dangers such a collision would involve. Whoopee, what fun they were having. How they would roll and plunge in the deep pool at the bottom and then scamper away to the top to do it all over again.

One night Joe Davis of the Banff Hot Springs staff and I tramped out to the Canmore levels to watch an otter slide we had discovered a few days before. We were sure from the tracks on the snow that the otters were using it continually and we were not disappointed. We stalked in as close as we dared, cached ourselves in the thicket of heavy spruce at the edge,

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of the cut-bank and waited. With moon-rise came the otters. There was quite a colony of them and seemingly they were from all directions and possibly great distances. At the top of the slide they romped and played, in perfect silence, save for the noise of their tumbling, rolling, active bodies. All at once one of the larger ones broke from the mob and making a rush to the top of the slide, dropped on his stomach with his feet hugged close in to his side, and went down the glistening way like a toboggan, to the river, and slid half way across the frozen snow and ice. Then the rest followed fast, some singly, often in pairs, and some in topsy turvy fashion. At the end of the slide they would jump up, fall into a playful wrestle with each other, mauling and rolling. Suddenly they would break away, scamper up to the top of the cut-bank and make the trip again with all sorts of variations in their methods of sliding.

At the end of half an hour, after we had been chilled till our teeth began to chatter, Joe decided that it was time all playful kids should be in bed asleep, so he sent out a whistle that even the mountains about honored with an echo.

Like a flash the otters vanished from sight, leaving us to tramp back home still marveling at what we had seen.

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"I've been wondering how it came that this bunch of weasels are so different from the rest of them," said Joe. "The little brown weasels that turn ermine white in the winter are such little devils to kill; the wolverine is too mean to play; the fisher is always looking for a meal and if there are any more in the family I could never think bad enough about them."

"Joe, there is bound to be a redeeming feature in some *one* family in a clan of outlaws and that holds good among humans too."

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MODESTY in Aunt Hattie Moore was as natural as her mother-wit. Her's was indeed the gracious life. She never seemed actually conscious of having done a good deed, or having purveyed a kindness, and yet we all knew that her whole life was given up to such thoughts and acts. Her employer, Dr. Hess, the Superintendent of the Walrond Ranch, expected and provided for her absence from the place about half of the time. Her status as an employee had faded into an understanding that she was one of the essential fixtures of the place. When the directors made their annual visit to the ranch in the summer and the reports were studied, no one ever dreamed of discussing Aunt Hattie Moore and her worth to the management.

Her husband, Uncle Tom Moore, had been the foreman of the old Simmons herd that had ranged over the same country, and which had later been sold out to the Walrond people. When he was killed, Aunt Hattie was left with her three girls and a heritage of responsibility that she immediately absorbed into her righteous designs of useful living.

Uncle Tom had ridden into the pass of the Livingstone Range one April morning for the last time. They

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found his body, gored and mangled and for three months the men drove out outlaw bulls, and killed them. Aunt Hattie took her loss philosophically, swore a warrant of war against range bulls and took a look of resignation into the future.

She had been in charge of the men's quarters for years back and had loved and scolded, and cared for them as they came and went through the years. When they went to town and got "lit up" they knew that they would "Get the dickens" from Aunt Hattie. They also knew that she would pet and scold and pray for them by turns. When Billy Miller married her oldest girl one April morning and took her to the Secord Ranch, she transferred much of her motherly attentions to the little children of Dr. Hess. Between her morning visits to the big house and her ventures into Lee Sing's kitchen to watch the mid-day meal, her forenoons were occupied. The girls made up the bunks in the men's sleeping quarters, and did their duty in attempting to keep the clothes of the riders in some sort of order. The afternoons were all their own and Aunt Hattie made the most of them.

"Tell me, Nellie, how many critters have we runnin' on this range this yêar, and have you had a look at the calvin' bunch? When you were out with Lou

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Murray did he say anything about the branding, and when would they start?"

She had a bunch of cows and steers that she ran with the Walrond cattle, and the boys cared for these in the branding, cutting out and selling. Once a year, there was a celebration at the Ranch, when Aunt Hattie would spend the price of a steer in presents for the men, and smaller gifts for the children. How many steers she contributed to the welfare of the needy in the district, no one knew, or could even guess.

"Mrs. Hess, I must ride down to Petey Graham's and see his little wife. They tell me she is to have another baby soon. Maybe I can help her some this time. I've introduced more Grahams to the Valley than any other brand of babies and still they come. Poor girlie, another mouth to feed, and Gawd knows they have enough now. It's a wonder her folks down east don't help her none, 'n they say the father of her has a lot of money, but he didn't like it when Mazie married Petey. Wanted her to hitch up with a tender-foot he had located. The old spaloon. I wonder if he married who he was told to."

Shortly after, Mrs. Hess would hear that Mrs. Graham had had another baby and that Aunt Hattie had been up a couple of nights with her and was likely to

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be dead tired. If the subject was mentioned, Aunt Hattie would simulate great surprise.

"Tired? No, not me. What's a little sleep when there's a life, 'n maybe two of them, in the balance. All I need at this minit is a good cup of tea and my bed for an hour."

Possibly the next day word would come of a distress twenty miles in another direction. A puncher would come sidling up to her little porch leading his horse.

"Mawnin', Mrs. Moore."

"Mawnin', Dave Bentley. What's eatin' you?"

"Well, as I was ridin' past that new homesteader on the ford at the wes' branch, the little croil came out an' allowed his wife an' childr'n was sick, and wondered if I would tell you as I went up."

"Homesteaders." She hated the word as she hated the fate their presence in the valley indicated. "What's their name, Dave Bentley? Are they dog poor?"

Poor or not made little difference. If the mother and children were sick it was her duty to go and help them. That was that, and calling for one of the men to catch her a horse, she made ready to leave.

The old lady had a funny habit of talking to her broncho as she rode along the trail. Some of the boys had noted it and their version of what had been said was an effectual return for the scoldings they were at

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times subject to. The nearest they ever came to making the old lady real mad was the time they told of her calling her horse "Ned Baker." Ned was a rancher on the South Fork who had made some long distance gestures towards Aunt Hattie that the men construed to be persuasive and sentimental. One night three of the boys settled themselves on a bench outside her open window, and discussed the merits of Mr. Baker as a man, a rancher, and a lover, in a typical fashion and loud enough so that it could reach and enlighten Aunt Hattie.

"'N the worst of it is that she has got to callin' 'Tom Sands,' that bronch of hers, 'Ned Baker.' " This statement concluded the discussion for a pail of cold water was sent outside to even things up.

The ride down to the homesteaders' was pleasant and easy. Tom Sands, the big sorrel that Charlie Kettles had given her as a colt, had a wonderful single-foot, and Aunt Hattie sang and talked to herself and her horse in a spirited fashion.

"Comin' through the canyons I spied a rusty bear,
Just how I came to see him is neither here nor there,
'N if he hadn't spotted me I never would have cared
To send a 30-30 message to a brown an' rusty bear."

There were several verses mostly dealing with the

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prowess of the hunter and the disappointment occasioned on learning of the quality of his hide, and the singer had a good time in her harmonizing.

"Well, Hattie Moore," she soliloquized, "ridin' agin. This time to visit a homesteader. Thought they were taboo with you. Spoilin' the range, mostly, they are, 'n Gawd knows they can't make a livin' on these side hills. What the gophers leave the drouth will kill or th' Chinook will burn."

"Ain't that so, Tom Sands? You darned well know it is. They've tried it before. Look at them Dunkards up in the Porcupines. What hev they got for the three years they have been at homesteadin'? Nothin', an' more of it. This is not farmin' country 'n never has been. Gawd never intended for buff'lo grass and wheat to grow on the same soil, 'n that's why He sent in the grass first.

"What did you say, Tom Sands? They ain't got no right here? Who says so. Tell me that. Who owns this country anyhow? We ranchers has got to thinkin' that because we been here a long time, we have rights here no one else has. These poor people want a home an' a chance to make a living and here you get to tellin' me they hev no right to be here at all. Don't let me hear another word out en you, Tom Sands."

It was said that in one year Aunt Hattie had visited

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every home between the North Fork of the Old Man River, and the Waterton Lakes on some errand of mercy and kindness. She missed the influenza. Said she was too busy to get it.

There was one innovation into the social system of the Valley that bewildered and disgusted Aunt Hattie. It was "the afternoon tea" and the "afternoon cards." Some of the ladies of the English settlement on the North Ford decided to put the common people of the district on a different and higher social standard than had prevailed in the past. Among the first to advance the good work was Mrs. "Chappie" Clarkson, who lived on the bench below the Bridge. Mrs. Clarkson was an example of that peculiar type of gentlefolk who insist on liberty that in its practice borders so closely on license. This, to the average western woman of that day, was intolerable. She wanted to be democratic. That was a part of her whole being. She was aware that these English gentlefolk had enjoyed advantages of life that she had not had, and could not have, but she failed to see where their standards of character were superior to hers, which was based on the innocence of intent, that isolation has ever subscribed to.

Mrs. Clarkson's afternoon at cards and tea was to be a success. The help of Aunt Hattie was called in to supplement her daughter Nellie's efforts. The rooms

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were darkened, and the lamps lit at two o'clock. That in itself was enough to shock Aunt Hattie into a state of coma. There was more to come after the guests had arrived and the card games started.

"Nellie Moore! Gawd, girl, if I ever catch you pulling a joke like this I'll wade in and wallop you plenty. Look in there. See them wimmen that don't even guess what's all this about, sitting 'round looking some oil lamps in the face, with the blinds down, gettin' atmosphere. Gawd's sun's shining down a hundred million blessin's these poor divies can't see. D'd yu ever know anythin' half so silly? Gawd help th' English. No wonder that Ireland wants to be free."

Shortly after, Mrs. Clarkson came out to give her final orders for the tea tables. They were to be set so and so. The decorations were to be arranged, and the seats left so far away from the tables, and a lot of other directions that no one heeded.

"And Mrs. Moore, when you are all ready, come to the drawing room door and knock lightly. I will ask if you need me, and you will say: 'Mrs. Clarkson, tea is served.'"

Aunt Hattie proceeded with the preparation of the tables and the tea but the expression on her face betokened the coming of a storm. Nellie hurried the chairs into place at last and then waited for her mother

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to proceed with the announcing. The old lady hesitated for a moment. This was an old privilege for her. Calling the boys from the corrals to their meals; calling the children for lunch or to a treat she had a hundred times prepared for them; and best of all, calling the men in to the chuck-wagon when on the round-up. A smile lit up the face of the plains-woman. This was the West, and flat-footed prairie-bred women showing off their foreign manners and making believe they were patronizing the home talent. This tea wasn't honest eating. The darkened room was a joke; the whole thing was a joke. No one would ever have a chance to say that Hattie Moore had been a party to a joke on a dozen of her old friends, who had been her friends years before the darned foreigners knew the Valley. She turned to Nellie.

"Get our horses here, Nell." Divining something, Nellie sped to the corral for the horses.

Then Aunt Hattie set in place at Mrs. Clarkson's table the pots of tea. Going to the drawing room door, she slammed hard enough on the panels with her open hands to nearly break them through. The door gave a little, and it was rudely thrust wide and Aunt Hattie screamed, "Grub-pile, and I hope you all eat your heads off." With that she unfastened her apron, reached for her hat and was gone. Two months after,

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when the men had quit laughing, some one asked Chappie Clarkson just when the next afternoon tea was to be given.

"Not on the Clarkson place till Hell freezes over."

When the war came the riders on the Walrond were among the first to volunteer. Aunt Hattie was in dire disress. There wasn't a boy she could spare and not one she could bear to see stay at home. There were three or four Americans in the group and these she undertook to advise.

"Now, boys, this is *our* fight, an' you keep out 'en. You'll get in some day, maybe soon, but until you do, ride the range and keep the home fires burning." She might have as well saved her conversation, for they all went in to the enlistment office and lied so elaborately and convincingly that they tramped out soldiers the next day.

Work on the range was different. Nellie and Burnie had to help the few remaining herders on the range. The branding for the year was over, and the Company ordered a round up of steers to sell, so that the size of the herds could be brought within handling distance. Aunt Hattie shipped out an even hundred three-year-olds and immediately bought up some Victory Bonds. With what she had left she bought a few hundred pounds of wool yarn and started all her friends to knit.

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ting. She had not written a letter; had not done more than sign her name in thirty years. The first spare time she had, she started to learn again to write and spell.

"When the boys write me letters from over there, I'm going to answer them myself. I just can't send my love to them poor boys second-hand. God bless 'em. Say, Nellie, did you ever see better lookin' soldiers than Barney and Dave and Charlie and Wakeman made as they marched away to the train that morning. I'll bet everyone of them get a German 'n maybe a dozen each. They're real soldiers. 'N did you see them Montany boys perk up. You'd think they had a part of a hankering to Canucks, but wait. They'll have a real reason to fight before long. How do you spell 'believe,' is it ei or ie or ee?"

Some of the boys forgot to write; some wrote to the girls and but two wrote to Aunt Hattie. The women folk could see from the ranch houses, the mailman coming for miles down the road, and these moments to the old lady were years. If there were no letters she always had an excuse for the boys.

"Ain't I the silly old dame. Here me thinkin' them boys would write me a letter when they had their own mothers to write to. I should be glad that I knew them one time and proud that they kissed me when they marched away. When they come back—mebbe they

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won't never come back——" The thought staggered her. "——But if they do, I'll tell them how I thought of them and loved them and prayed for them."

But the boys did not come back. The casualty lists were long and before the first year had passed all the names of the Wolrond men had been entered. A full half of the boys who had gone from the Valley had been killed in action. The Princess Pats had been wiped out twice and were in action for the third time. The Canadians were holding their heritage of honor but at a cost.

The strain of it all was aging the kindly old soul who held in her bosom her own honor roll. Her steps had slowed up, her shoulders drooped and her hair had whitened perceptibly. When she rode, she wanted a slower, quieter horse than Tom Sands. The government had established the district nurses and there were two stationed at Pincher. Their work relieved much of the suffering that heretofore had fallen to the care of Aunt Hattie. At times she would call her girls to her in the dusk of the evening and tell them of their father.

"He was a good man, Bernie, 'deed he was. I never had another sweetheart after I knew him. He was clean all through. Of course, he cussed a bit on occasions, and he was allus a good judge of lick, but

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he was red-blooded and an honest man. I have often wondered what he'll be doin' in Heaven. Fishin', I'll bet."

One morning, shortly after this, Dr. Hess was walking through his garden when he came across Aunt Hattie prostrate across the path that led from the house to the upper spring. He hastened to her and raised her up. She said that she had been taken with a dizzy spell a little time before, but that she was all right again and could go back to her house alone. Then the word went out that she was not to ride any horse again, and was not to be taken from the ranch except in the big carry-all, and then only when there were others going along. The orders sounded reasonable and the ranch people prepared to carry them out. The rest of that fall, Aunt Hattie kept close to the house and seemed to make a good recovery. Just before Christmas the doctor and his family went East to spend the winter, leaving Aunt Hattie, the two girls and three men on the ranch. By dint of keen persuasion with a threat or two added, Aunt Hattie got the use of a pony to ride down to Laidleys to see the children and to make some preparations for their Christmas. The trip seemed to do her good and the men were reconciled to her use of the pony. The weather kept good till past November, almost too good it might have seemed. It was unnatural

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as if the cold was banking up, to come down like a flood, when it did come.

One bright clear afternoon the Pincher people were surprised to see Aunt Hattie riding on Tom Sands, as cheerful and well as she had ever been. She had on a new moose jacket and her wool chaps looked clean and comfortable as she had ever kept them. Her face in the keen air was pink and healthful. It was fine to have her out again, and she got the spirit of love and gracious hope offered her from all the friends who met her. She did an hour's shopping, went over to the bank to talk financial matters over, and ended up by going into Doc Hewetson's and asking him to give her an examination.

"You know, Doc," she said, "they've been coddling me up at the place, 'n telling me that I was gettin' old, 'n I was worryin' too much about the boys at the Front, and how all the poor Dunkards, and homesteaders were heading into the winter. I want you to tell me just what is the matter with me, and why my head swims, 'n why I can't get my breath at times, 'n why I shouldn't ride my horse the same as ever."

What the doctor didn't say was more instructive and eloquent than what he did say, but the single item of advice was to stay out on the ranch when she got there and not to come out again till spring.

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"Don't try to go home tonight, Aunt Hattie, but wait till mornin. It is likely to blow hard before long, and there may be some snow with it."

The old lady thanked the doctor, and then as she was ready to go she took his hand and drew him to her, kissing him on both cheeks.

"Goo'-bye, Doc. You an' me hev rode this range a longish spell. When you come you had more learning than experience, and yet you made good and been a blessin' to the Valley. Keep stayin' here, Doc. They need you, and what is better, they believe in you. Tell the Mordens good-bye for me. I am going back to the foothills tonight."

She was Aunt Hattie as we had always known her as she came striding up the street. The same spring was in her step and the same light in her eye. She reached down and picked up a little girl from the street to hug and kiss her dainty face. Then she crossed over and untied Tom Sands from the post, swung into the saddle and rode away to the west.

As the sun went down a sterner, keener tang clung to the air. The clouds were mounting in the northwest and it was beginning to snow. Within half an hour the storm had come, already in blizzard intensity, and instead of the snow coming in flakes it was powdered as flour and riding level in the wind.

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The sturdy sorrel, Tom Sands, headed for the South Canyon undismayed by the wind that struck him in the face and at times shut off his breath. He lowered his head and thrust himself through, holding the trail, and at a pace that was putting the distance behind him hopefully enough. As they dropped the canyon, the storm, like the draft down an open corridor, brought the strong horse to a walk. The snow was not lodging in the trail, but it was seeping into his nostrils, faster than it could melt, and shutting off his wind. For the first time on his journey he faltered, stopped, and turned his back to the wind. He stamped, threw his head from side to side, and snorted as if to clear his pipes, then without urging, he headed back into the storm, and plodded steadily on.

"That's the bronch you are, Tom Sands. Stopped to blow your nose like any good fighter, and then on ye go. This is the storm, though, ain't it? I'd been better an' wiser to hev stayed with the Doc tonight, but what's a bit of blow to an' old timer like me. Funny how that snow filters into yer eyes an' nose, an' up yer sleeves, 'n down yer neck. I 'spose some people would call this a storm. Well, it is a bit of a storm all right, but there have been worse ones."

But it was no bit of a storm. It was the blizzard of 1916 that swept over the foot-hill country and drove

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the cattle off the prairies and down into the coulees, to smother and die by the hundreds. It was not the "bit cold" that was at hand, for already the mercury was dropping on its way to a lower point than had ever before been recorded in the west.

The big horse struggled through the canyon and passed the open country in the river bottom. As he faced due west, climbing the Divide between the rivers, the storm swept him almost off his feet. This time he turned of his own will and started down the edge of the Divide to a crest of rocks where they were protected somewhat from the rage of the storm. There could be but little protection from the snow, whirling, sifting, beating through, filling the air as with flour dust so that breathing in the open was impossible. For a while the horse stood patiently but the instinct of self-preservation warned him of inactivity and he began to work at the reins that seemed to be held too tightly. He took the bit in his teeth and threw his nose out as far as he could extend his neck. An inanimate form rolled off the saddle and lay still on the snow.

Aunt Hattie Moore, kindly missioner of love to dozens of lonely wives and mothers of the range had come to the end of the trail.

SITTING BULL MEETS JOE ALLAN

THIS story relates to one of the incidents prominent in the first personal contacts the Northwest Mounted Police made with Sitting Bull and his following of Uncapapa Sioux. When this wily old Medicine Man first went over into Canada, it will be recalled by those who know their history of Indian warfare, that he was accompanied by 500 men, 1,000 women for the Uncapapas were strongly polygamous, and 1,400 children.

Later he was joined by 3,000 more Sioux and a thousand Nez Pierces.

This last reinforcement constituted a real menace. The relationship between the Nez Pierces and the mingling of Dakotas and Uncapapas was not at all friendly although there had never been an open clash between them. The trouble was not so much between the people as friction between the tribal chiefs. Rain-in-the-Face, Broad-Tail, Yellow Grass, Red Beaver, and Many Feathers, all Sioux Chiefs, had never been able to agree on any set plan of either tribal policy or tribal attitude toward the whites. That gave the Medicine Man, Sitting Bull, his opportunity. The Bull never was, nor could be a Chief, but he was by long

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odds the superior in intelligent practical foresight, and logical understanding. He had a brain that sanctioned a philosophy of life as broad as existence itself. That same great intellect narrowed down to the pin-point of ambitious pride that named him a prophet, a priest, a leader to control. In all truth he never passed the plane where personal conceit could exalt or submerge his personality for all time. He went into Canada an impious, impudent usurper of chieftain rights of leadership. He straggled out with a mere handful of followers, a prophet dishonored, a priest scorned, a king whose remaining hopes were being laughed away by a disillusioned following.

One day he was a personality to be reckoned with, two days after his reputation was on the skids and he never came back.

When Inspector Joe Allan of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police was sent over to Fort Walsh with fifteen men to take charge of the territory tributary to, and including the great camp of Sioux, many of the old Timers shook their heads in nervous dread. Joe Allan and a thousand men would have made a more impressive showing. But Joe and his men took possession of the crude little fort and made ready to patrol the territory. Their indifference to the camp of the Sioux and lack of deference or respect to the presence

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of Sitting Bull, was something that the conqueror of Yellow Hair General Custer could not understand nor appreciate.

The little fort had accommodations for only a small patrol and their horses. The stockade was sturdy and stout enough to offer protection of a sort but its isolation and lack of communication with the outside world made the little post the subject of many an Indian joke. Inside the stockade there was a flag pole and the Canadian and British colors were ever flying. For purposes of his own, Inspector Allan had another pole brought in from the Cypress Hills and planted on a direct line between the Camp of the Sioux and the main gates of the Fort, out about fifty-feet from the stockade. On this pole, every morning at sunrise—the ceremony of raising the flag and every evening at sunset—the lowering of the colors, was formally and reverentially carried out. There was a psychological something in the dignity of the little address to the flag that etched its meaning deep into the souls of the Indians. These soldiers of the great Mother were so quiet, reserved and efficient. They were worth something to a Sioux to keep him on edge.

Shortly after the transfer of police had been made, Sitting Bull sent word to Inspector Allan that he wanted to see him and to ride over at once. In reply,

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the young Irish Inspector, sent back word that if this was an order on Sitting Bull's part, he could go and jump into the creek, or words to that effect.

Shortly after, Sitting Bull came to visit the police and after being let inside the stockade with Broad Tail, was asked to sit down outside the orderly room until he was called. By the time he reached within speaking distance of Allan, he was aflame with rage and wounded pride.

He started in on a tirade of abuse but the best he accomplished was to make it necessary for a couple of privates to walk him to the stockade gates and throw him out. This they did with little ceremony and made emphatic by a couple of swift kicks.

Three days afterwards five police horses that had been in a pasture close at hand disappeared, and in the search, were discovered in among the Sioux ponies. When an attempt was made to take them out some mounted Indians drove them off. Allan sent word to Sitting Bull that he wanted the horses returned. The Bull replied that they would all be in the big camp the next afternoon and that if Inspector Allan thought he could take them he was welcome to try. The next day, Allan with ten men rode over to the big camp and demanded the horses. Broad-Tail, the first chief of the Sioux to discover the waning prestige of Sitting Bull,

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turned over four of the horses. He gave out the information that Sitting Bull was riding the other and could be found up at the camp. Allan, with three men, rode to Sitting Bull's lodge and found the old Medicine Man seated on the stolen horse and surrounded by a great mob of fighting braves. These were the men who had figured and fought in the Custer massacre and at the belts of dozens were dangling the scalps of American soldiers. As Allan and his men rode through the camp, Sitting Bull was indulging in his usual harangue and working up to a high pitch of excitement.

"Come over here, Pale-face, you come for your horses?"

"I came for the horses, Sitting Bull, and I got four."

"You lie. I have the horses. See? I am riding one."

"I see you are. You told me to come and get them and I came and got four."

"Who gave them to you?"

Not desiring to involve Broad-Tail for his part in this, Allan continued:

"No one needed to give them to me. My men took them."

While this conversation was proceeding, Allan and his men were edging their horses in closer to Sitting Bull until at last Allan sat knee to knee with the old man.

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While apparently listening closely to what the old philosopher was saying, Allan gave his orders to his men.

"When I grab the old man, you get the horse and move out of the mob fast."

Sitting Bull paused for a moment to watch the effect of his talk on Allan. The latter stood in his stirrups, arrested the attention of Sitting Bull by dramatically pointing to the skyline away to the east, and as the old man followed the direction with his eyes, the soldier reached over, grabbed the Bull about the waist, lifted him off the horse and dropped him ignominiously on the ground. Quickly then, with concerted action, the police acted and before the braves could comprehend the bold move, the riders with the stolen horses were moving fast towards the Fort.

They were followed, threatened, shot at and missed, cursed and reviled, but in the minds of hundreds of Indians there was born the thought that men who could, or would attempt a stunt like that in the face of such fearful odds, were to be respected.

That night hundreds of Nez Pierces and personal followers of Sitting Bull made the night hideous for the beleaguered police. They shot the flag off the pole within the stockade and rode their ponies as close as

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they dared but no attempt was made to do more than annoy.

In the morning, matters seemed to have taken on a more serious aspect. Evidently there had been a dance, and the Bull had made a big talk with the result that a force of at least 500 were waiting outside for some signs of life within the stockade.

The anxious men within gave no sign of fear and distress. This little group of police officers offered a demonstration of fearlessness and nonchalance to the Indians that has never had a parallel in the history of Indian affairs in the west. As the edges of the morning sun, with its promise of glory and growth, cleared the eastern horizon, the stockade gates opened wide and a squad marched out to the roll of the kettle drums and fearlessly headed for the flag pole. There was no hesitation, no nervousness manifested. Their very presence outside the stockade was a challenge and a dare but it was more. It was an evidence of a fearless adhesion to duty that was a lesson to all malefactors that law and order had been established and would be enforced.

In perfect military formation they gathered about the flag. The drum and bugle announced the Reveille and as the flag moved slowly to the peak of the pole, the men presented arms in salute.

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As deliberately and fearlessly as they had come, they marched back. A hundred yards away half a thousand Nez Pierces and Sioux, whose boast had been that no white men could stand before them, witnessed the little ceremony with something of understanding in their souls.

THE McCABE BEAR

THIS is a Kootenai Brown Story and merits hearing because it is true. That is, Kootenai said it was true and he should know. The delightful parts of Kootenai's stories are the illuminating details with which he clothed them. Nothing is omitted that might add a blending of fact and fiction in perfect and plausible pattern. If Kootenai told how his pup had chased a gopher to its lair and prepared to dig him out, you had a summary of the economy of force, skill, application, intent and patience of all diggers ranging from steam shovels to grave plotters. Not that the old squaw-man could know a thing about steam shovels or anything modern. His day and age dated back to the nineties when the west was all in the making. But he knew his bears, all of them.

The McCabe bear, named by Sam McCabe of the Lower Reaches of the Canadian, was a grizzly of silver-tip form, bigger than the mind of mortals had ever conceived. The bear had passed McCabe's cabin a week or so before and was heading for the Waterton Lakes Park. Grizzlies had ever been a favorite topic with Kootenai. There is so much to tell when one discusses and discourses in detail. Temperamentally they are unstable. They are apt to do the unexpected. One

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never knows or can guess what is running through the minds of the big, old rascals. Generally speaking, however, they are much too shy and dignified to do more than attend to their own affairs. They are naturally timid and while never quarrelsome, they are always conscious of their own strength. Not cunning in the sense of a wolf's cunning but so exceedingly suspicious, cautious and sensitive to danger that a man is always at a disadvantage, especially if it occurs to the bear that this enemy is in his territory.

Here's another funny thing about the bears that used to come into the Park in the earlier days when the Government first set the territory aside as a shelter for them. They sensed their safety and their privileges just as surely as we did. We admired and tolerated each other, men, wolves, bears and women. When Jack Street came in and told us what Sam McCabe had said about a big grizzly heading our way, we prepared to accept him as a matter of course in a neighborly fashion. We wanted it that way at any rate.

This is the Old Man's story and his telling gives it a real thrill.

"We had been fishing that day on the upper lake, McNab and me, when we first ran across tracks of the great bear. He was a flat-foot sure enough. That is the only name my mind can grasp to do the subject justice.

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"Here's how big them tracks were in the wet sand where he had gone to the edge of the creek to look how the fishing was. I could put both hands inside the margin and see space all around the edges.

"We saw where he had turned over a log to add a taste of grubs to his lunch. Men, I am here to say that both McNab and I couldn't roll it back and you could see that he had just shouldered it away, off-hand like.

"Mac said then, that following a grizzly even in a neighborly fashion and with the kindest intentions, especially one with the general proportions of a baby elephant, without a rifle was foolish, unhealthy and altogether unnecessary. I figured differently and maybe I was right and maybe wrong. Somehow I reasoned that the grizzly had a certain sense of security within an area possibly undefined but certain just the same. Safety to a grizzly has a different meaning than to any other of the wild. Knowing his own strength, he naturally fears nothing save the one mysterious barking thing that bit from a distance and bit so hard. He could understand all else of the routine of life save this mysterious animal which walked on its hind legs and carried the thing that barked and bit. As a rule he was prepared to play the game square and make life considerable of a sporting proposition. I felt it in my bones that we were going to meet up with the flat-foot soon and

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when we did, my theories regarding his attitude of peace would be verified.

"A grizzly will never attack in the open for several reasons, most of them best known to himself. The rest of us have theories. In the first place he is never quarrelsome. He lives at peace with the world and expects the other fellow to recognize his ability to enforce his peaceful will if the occasion arises. The great Park was his playground for the summer. Instinct had told him he was safe. He had no quarrel, no grudges; the fishing was good and in a few weeks there would be an abundance of berries. The fallen timber and rocks hid away the dainty luncheons he accepted from the grubs and leeches under them. If he desired a change of diet, there were outlaw bulls from the range, that the herders had corralled in the Park bull corral, to satisfy his needs and often the mountain goats would venture lower on the sides of the Comer. The whole Park was a sort of bear paradise where a comfortable old grizzly with peaceful inclinations could settle down to make life worth living.

"The day's fishing for us had been good. We had fought grayling until we had all we needed and had started back about three o'clock for the camp.

"You know what a meridian cut is? Well, two years ago when the American engineers were defining the

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meridian that forms the eastern boundary of Glacier Park, they made the cut complete across the Cataloup Divide, right up the sides of old Shadow mountain to the international line. Then the Canadian engineers took it up and ran it across the lake hitting the north shore in that dense timber between the Mormons and Lost Waters. The cut through the timber was the cleanest job you could imagine. It was about twenty feet wide and there were no stumps left over six inches high. The underbrush had been cleared so clean and the cut ran so straight through the timber, over the Lesser Divide and up the side of Iron Mountain, that it looked like a tight drawn cotton rope.

"When we came to the cut, McNab suggested that we go up the meridian to Lost Waters and then fish down that creek for some bull-nosed trout. This was agreeable and we started. We had made about two hundred yards up the trail, when from the dense underbrush that bordered it, slouched out the McCabe grizzly. He was fully up to expectations in all measurements and predictions. Off hand one might say that he exceeded all the essentials of a bear. He was a test on the imagination.

"He had not seen us as he nosed through the tangle and was well out into the open before he noticed our presence. To be quite honest and accurate, we saw him

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first and feared him most. He was fully three feet high at the shoulders and his rump another five inches higher. As a young bear he had been a true silver-tip, but his many winters and evidently busy summers had shaded him from a silver-gray to a grayish yellow. When he saw us he stopped, raised his snout and sniffed and then turned to look for a way out of the jack-pot he found himself in. The chances are that this was the first close-up he had enjoyed of his greatest enemy, man. Possibly the scent he gained called to his mind something of a similar smell wafted to the peaks of the range he had roamed as a cub and of which he had been warned by his mother, but he was neither startled, afraid or angry. The half-quizzical expression of his eyes and the lumbering slouch he assumed as he approached us, made us realize that his was a peaceful intent and a neighborly attitude.

"It may be mentioned in passing that we had hesitated. In fact, we had come to a full stop with all gears reversed. I was willing to admit that meeting grizzlies at close range was a habit to be overdone. I was three feet in advance of McNab and was willing to exchange places with him at as short a notice as possible, but all my training and instincts called to me to stand perfectly still. There may be occasions when ambition, courage, and accomplished results suggest a leading place in the

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procession. Even such limited prominence as I was enjoying has its disadvantages in a meridian cut with a nine hundred pound grizzly standing twenty feet away, looking as if he might lose his temper easily and with evident purpose and result.

"The old bear came to within fifteen feet of us, looked us over, and as he realized that we were barring his path, a wave of temper ran through his brain. The mane on his neck began to roach and his mouth drooled as he slobbered out a half-groan, half-growl. Right at the side of the cut opposite where he stood was a ten inch dead spruce that the fire had destroyed. As we made to back up in our tracks, the old bear moved over to the tree stub, raised himself on his hind legs and backing up to the tree, reached up and scratched his mark on the charred wood as high as he could easily reach. He had verified a theory most bear men have made regarding this performance of measurement of height by the grizzlies. Some claim that the habit is common to all bears and other affirm that it is confined to the male of all species of bear, but especially the cinnamon or brown bears. Personally, I do not think any species save the grizzlies indulge in the practice. I have never discovered a registration of the type that I felt could be credited to a lesser species than the grizzlies. Here and there throughout their country one

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may discover these markings on the trees. They correspond in a general way with the registration posts of the wolves. A grizzly wanders into a new country and against the first handy tree, he registers by this means, his arrival, his reach and his ability to look after his own interests. Then, rubbing against the bark to leave his own best lasting scent, he wanders on. Presently another bear, local or strange to the district, drifts by and of course he will get the smell and make the general estimate of the size of the bear registered before him. Then he will back up against the tree and if he can, will scratch his mark higher than the one before him. This little sacrifice to his god of egotism is accompanied by about the same conversational growls and chuckles the wolves indulge in as they discover on the registration posts, a friend or neighbor, an acquaintance or an enemy.

"He was giving us to understand what he certainly believed of himself, that he was some bear.

"McNab showed some signs of hysteria and conveyed to me in a stage whisper the evident fact that he was willing at that moment to attempt the lowering of all speed records for any distance from two hundred yards to ten miles, the distance he was willing to place between himself and McCabe. I told him to stand perfectly still and look the bear in the eyes. Just why I

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mentioned his eyes is neither here nor there and mean but little in the taming of a grizzly. The old fellow's eyes gave out something reassuring. They did not blaze with fury. To be quite honest, it seemed a twinkle of fun was due to flash up any moment as the humor of the situation dawned on him. Here we were, me, the bear and McNab. If the bear was frightened he did not show it; if I was nervous I was due not to reveal it; and if McNab had thoughts of a flight, swift and graceful, he was too much of a sport to attempt it. McNab is to the purple born, as will be revealed later. The bear dropped on all fours again and walked to the centre of the cut. He lazily turned over a piece of bark with his great paw, with a view to locating a grub. He was not rewarded so he turned his attention to a further examination of the two hunters, brave and bold. Without deigning to waste more than a mere further glance or two on us; and it may be noted that these few were sufficient to satisfy our pride of recognition, he turned on his heels and walked leisurely northward up the cut. Some twenty yards away from us, he broke into the rolling gallop peculiar to his kind and disappeared in the rough country below Shadow Peak.

"The pacific action of the great beast was somewhat of a surprise to me, rather a pleasant termination to an awkward and dangerous situation. Flat-foot could

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have made several moves that would have been entirely natural to any wild beast that had seemingly been antagonized in its purpose. He might have lost his dignity and his temper and charged us, knocking us out of his pathway and possibly killing us with a blow from his mighty paws. He could have turned and fled on sight of us, which was the most natural thing for him to have done, for by nature he is the most timid of all the great killers. He might have made a meal of us had he been so inclined. This, however, would not be in keeping with his nature, for he is not much of a meat eater, and two clothed and otherwise respectable human animals would not have appealed to his sense of delicacy. Not even a cannibal would have tackled as tough a proposition as either of us but seemingly, the bear recognized our peaceful mission and he also was peacefully inclined.

"McNab did not wait to further philosophize, or spend his fleeting moments in discussion and I am free to confess that I had had sufficient to keep my mind full of thrills for some days to come. I was willing to share my sentiments with the others in the camp, at a sensible and reasonable distance from the seat of war, so I followed the pace set by McNab homeward to Three Willows and the others at the headwaters of the Kootenai.

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"The big grizzly did not leave the Park nor the immediate neighborhood of our camps for some days. Three nights after our first meeting, the dogs gave special attention to some wanderer about the pony corrals and the next morning the tracks gave us evidence of a visit that had undoubtedly been prompted more by curiosity than hunger, or a marauding intent. A dozen lean pack ponies would hardly tempt the appetite of a bear who had his summer rations prepared and ready all about him. On two other occasions the dogs gave us notice of a visitor who seemingly, was not greatly alarmed by their vocal protests and warnings and again we learned of the presence of the bear in our civic centre.

"Just where the waters of the Waterton Lakes flow out to wander down the reaches of the Kootenay river, they run over a smooth, rocky ledge into a great pool below. Immediately over the ledge, the water, in the early season before the snow melts on the sides of the mountains, is only about a foot deep. Here the fishing is often good but in the deep pool below, the grayling are always hungry and in a fighting mood. It was the best fishing along the river and we had moored a big flat-bottomed scow, with sufficient rope to allow it to drift out to the deepest part of the black water. One afternoon, Mrs. McNab had taken her two little boys

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with their rods and tackle up to the pool to make a catch of trout for supper and breakfast. McNab and I had gone over the hills to round up some ponies and no one was left in camp but Three Willows. Mrs. McNab had put the boys in the boat first, then pushed it loose from the gravel and jumped in herself. Fighting grayling trout is about the nearest to an angler's heaven one can come to in the west. As all three were good fishermen an expert afternoon was being enjoyed.

"Mac and I arrived home sooner than we expected and he immediately inquired for his wife and the boys. Three Willows told him where they might be found, so he secured his rod and went over to join them. Just as he rounded the pool on the timber side and worked his way through some scrub that brought him close to the snubbing post of the scow within three feet of the edge of the river, he happened to glance up to look square into the eyes of the grizzly not more than twenty feet away. The old rascal was stretched out on his stomach with his head between his paws, for all the world like a big house dog, lazy and dozing in the sun. Without doubt he had come down to the ledge to do a little fishing for himself and seeing the group in the boat, had laid down to watch them. Possibly at times he had dozed peacefully off to sleep; for the hot sun was beaming on him, but without doubt he had a weather eye

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open. When Mac spied him he was awake and alert as needs be. It was a good time to get hysterical and muss up things but the Scotch blood of the man ran cool and his nerve held true. He stood quietly and looked the old marauder in the face while he deliberated on his methods. He could reach forward to the rope and pull the boat in with the risk that involved the mother and children, or he could cut the boat adrift and let it swing out over the pool to be caught up later and hurried down the white water of the rapids below. To call attention to their position would have frightened the children needlessly and to risk an attack from the bear seemed suicidal. With one rush through the shallow water the grizzly could have killed McNab before the man could have moved ten feet. Mac did the one thing a wise and fearless hunter would have done but it took nerve to do it just the same. Without taking his eyes off the bear, he stepped forward and reached for the rope and began to haul the boat in. Immediately there arose a chorus of protests from the fishers. To them, there was no apparent reason for his action and Mac was told several things in the west Canadian dialect by the woman who had sworn to love, honor and obey him. No answer was made by Mac to the protests until the boat landed and even then no suggestions were necessary. The look on the man's face

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was sufficient to warn the little wife of danger. The women of the early days in the west, living on the edge of uncertainties, generally acted on orders first and talked it over later. This little lady was no exception to that rule. She had come to realize that a lot of things might happen while one's back was turned. The expression on her husband's face was only one more evidence of a hidden danger, so she hurried her laddies ashore. When they had all got to the timber side of the pool and out of danger, Mac turned and pointed out to his wife the source of their danger. The big bear had risen to his feet and was watching them with that same puzzled look, that same quizzical expression that characterized him on our first meeting.

"His second contact with the strange animal who walked on his hind legs and who seemed his only and natural enemy, was not harmful and resulted in nothing save a better understanding. The law of the wild was being invoked by both members of the great family and a truce apparently had been declared. It was a peace, a truce, an understanding apparent and acceptable.

"We saw the McCabe bear several times that summer, mostly at a distance and occasionally at close enough range to make his presence dangerous, had it not been that he was keeping his part of the unwritten agreement, his honor pact, understood and accepted.

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"Bull Pass was the name given to a canyon that runs east and west between Iron mountain and the Goat Cliff. In general outline and in relation to the prairie to the east, it had much of the appearance of a great funnel, the flare of it extending from Kootenai river northwards and the stem running into the Pass between the mountains clear to the Inner Range. Just at the edge of the prairie, the ranchers had built a great fence of six-inch spruce logs that ran for at least half a mile, to reach the precipitous sides of both the Iron and Goat mountains. Into this great natural corral they would herd in each season, all the unbranded, unclaimed and outlaw bulls discovered in the branding round-up. The cattle could range through the Pass for twenty miles and if they were driven by hunger, could easily climb to the timber line on the Comber where there was a pass to let them down on the western slope to the Sweet Grass and Columbia Valleys.

"Just at the point in the fence where the builders had chosen to put the gate, the logs were laid in the crotch of twin spruce. These grew from a three-foot stump to possibly forty feet in height, with a ten-inch diameter at the base and never more than three feet apart for thirty feet. The top of this fence and its security between the spruce, right at the gate of the Pass, was a land-mark, a cache and a sort of handy registry office.



Photograph by J. M. Johnson

GRIZZLY BEAR

The Grizzly is naturally peaceful and good natured but when aroused prompt to resent an injury or affront and to punish the offender.



By permission of New York Zoological Society

COUGAR

This beast is also known as the Puma, Panther, Mountain Lion and Catamount.

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Ranchers would leave spare tackle there for a subsequent task and the punchers almost invariably had some treasures cached away for future joys and surprises. It was near the fork of the trail down to the settlement which had put up a community post office box near the gate on the outside. This tree crotch figures largely in the story to follow.

"Bull Pass creek runs down the side of the Comber, through the corral and joins the Kootenai some two miles south. Deep up the Pass it is white water and pools most of the descent. As it reaches the more level ground, the pools are more evident.

"The most wonderful deep, black, hiding places were gouged out around the great rocks that have rolled from the side of the mountain. The fishing is always good in Bull Pass creek.

"When the bulls are first herded into the corral, it is hardly safe for fishing within its borders. The tempers of the beasts are too uncertain. In the course of a few weeks, they succeed in wearing off the keen edges and are more subdued and sensible, although an insurance solicitor would always consider a venture into the corral for any reason, an unwise risk. Jack Street and McNab had tramped through early one morning about a week after the bulls had been run in, and reported the presence of two or three bad actors. These outlaws had

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come from the Inner Range of the Livingstone and were wild, unbranded, cross-bred and devilish. That was not remarkable, for every season brought a number to be especially watched and noted. Their next item to report had much to occupy our interest. The McCabe bear had visited the corral and had had at least one experience he could not be expected to forget for a while. Evidently he had wandered in to fish and roll some boulders over in search for grubs. Without doubt his presence in the corral produced a variety of sensations among the bulls. The young critters from the prairie, to whom the animals of the mountains were entire strangers would stampede into the timber farther up the Pass.

"At least three of the older bulls stood their ground and showed their resentment of the presence of the bear in their midst. These bulls, no doubt, had been born in the fastness of the Inner Range of mothers who had strayed from their herds, possibly five years before, and had been sired by bulls that possibly had never been out of their accepted and hidden valleys and canyons, real outlaws. They had seen bears all their lives and possibly at times had startled a cub or half-grown chap into a stampede. Here was another of these killers to be driven off with a rush and a toss of the horns.

"Unfortunately for the bulls, this was poor judgment.



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The marks left on the sand that fringed both sides of the creek told the story of the happenings in the sequence of events.

"The McCabe bear had fished on the creek for a short time until the presence of one of the bulls on the other side, possibly threatening him, had made him shift ground farther down. The bull followed him, keeping his own side of the creek, until he came to a chance to ford, when he crossed. The bear, peaceful in his intentions, well-fed and possibly sleepy and lazy, did not show fight. He hurried for possibly twenty yards, to climb on a boulder five feet in height at its lowest side. Here he was free from his tormentors, so he located himself a warm soft spot in the sand and moss and laid down to sleep. From the marks about the boulder where the pawing and tramping showed, one was bound to realize that the bawling, roaring and threatening of the bulls would not induce any profound sleep. It was more than likely to provoke any temperament into a fighting rage.

"There had been a battle and one not so much of wits as of prowess. The temper of the bear had been baited to a point of hysterical rage and he had waged war with but little of his natural shrewdness. The battle-field, however, gave every evidence of his unbelievable strength. He had rushed one bull, seizing him by the

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top of the neck. Then shouldering him as a wrestler will shoulder his opponent in a side-hold grip, he had dragged back the head as the bull went over, breaking the neck of the animal as one would a rotten stick. The victim still lay as he had been thrown and the coyotes had bared the dislocated vertebrae.

"The second bull had come charging, head down, to gore and rip. The bear did not escape this rush, for the sand revealed where he had made a sprawl and a recovery. No harm was done more than knocking the wind out of him for the moment. He had recovered himself in time to meet the next rush of the maddened bull. The second lunge at the bear was not well directed and had the disadvantage of being forced from the lower ground. The bear, out of the line of vision of the lowered head of the bull, side-stepped the rush and as the animal passed, he swung his paw against the jaw and skull of the bull, smashing them in as if they had been papier mache. This terrific blow of flesh against bone was a sufficient punishment to cripple the old bear for days and without doubt, it did. We saw where he had laid down in the shade of the rock to nurse the bruised and broken paw for two days at least, shifting only to the river for a drink and to cool the fever of the wounded foot.

"We did not see the McCabe bear again that mid-

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summer season. The usual number of tourists, campers and prospectors came and went. We showed the tender-feet all our assets in the way of black bears; discoursed on the ravages of a couple of wolverines that had been making a round of the traps set for the coyotes and wolves and moved them with packhorses over the Pass into the Sweet Grass country and Fort Steele. We told and retold our stories of the McCabe bear, bearing down especially heavy in our estimate of his size, temperament and prowess. We dared to hope that in some of our pilgrimages through the Park we would run into him again, if for no other purpose than to verify some of the statements we had made relative to him.

"One day in early September, word came in from the Glasgow horse camp that some one had shot a big grizzly on the crags just north of the Dry Fork. He had succeeded in getting away, although badly wounded. Now the Dry Fork is the northern boundary of the Park and outside of that territory it was an open season for bears. That made it no especial business of ours what shooting was done. Just the same the fact that a grizzly had been shot and wounded, that he had got away with a better chance of heading for the Park than heading north, gave us a certain sense of uneasiness. The certainty of it all was that if it was the McCabe bear and he was back in the Park sorely

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wounded, regardless of his previous pacific attitude, he was going to be a dangerous chap to meet.

"A week, two of them passed. We had tramped the open valleys, fished the streams and scouted over the mountain sides clear to the timber line, with no sign of a bear to be seen and no tracking evidence of him to be discovered.

"One morning McNab and I decided to fish Pass Creek from the Oil Road down to the Rancher's fence. That was about two miles through the Bull corral and the suggestion was not received with loud acclaim by the women folks at the breakfast table. In the end, however, their objections were overruled and we rode our ponies to the fence gate, then sent them back with the boys who received instructions to return with them again at five o'clock. We let ourselves through the big gate and McNab climbed up into the crotch looking for a box of snuff one of the riders at the Glasgow camp was to bring to him from the Hudson Bay store at Pincher. He found it and for the next ten minutes employed himself in filling his pocket box from the paste board carton.

"The fishing down the creek was all we had hoped for. Every hole offered its tribute and every fighting trout put up the game struggle he was expected to. McNab waded the creek ahead of me and I fished from

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the shore, choosing the shaded holes rather than the fly fishing in the sliding water. We had passed the big boulder where the bear had fought the bulls and together we read again the signs, tracked out the details and checked them over with the first reading of Jack Street and McNab. From this point we fished together down to near the fence, when we left the creek as it made a big loop and joined it further down.

"Just as we touched the banks, the peculiar musty smell that is ever present in an animal den, or that adheres to an animal that had denned up for a considerable time, met our senses. McNab stopped instantly and his sharp eyes searched for and found, the cause and the danger.

"Quick, Kootenai," he cried, "Run for the notch at the fence." A glance was sufficient. The McCabe bear was on the top of one of the large boulders, which had a protecting shoulder alongside of which he had been denning. He had risen to his feet but his right hind leg trailed. Without doubt, it had been broken by a bullet. McCabe was the grizzly that had been hit up at the Dry Fork and now he declared war against his enemy. In his haste to get away from his danger, he had traveled with the jagged ends of the bone wearing and ripping against each other and into his flesh. All this flashed through my mind as the old fellow tumbled and

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hobbled off the boulder. His eyes were blood red with suffering and rage. The hair on his neck reached stiff as wire, while the slobber ran from his jaws as he roared and growled.

"If he had not been wounded sorely and then been forced to den up, and been weakened by his fast, this story would not have been told—this way. We had about forty yards to go to reach the fence and the way was clear. The bear had at least sixty yards further to come and he had a rough fording to make of the creek. We beat him to the crotch in the fence and because McNab's wisdom and quick thinking beat my reasoning and deductions in a pinch, he ordered me up one of the spruces and took the other himself.

"Just at this point in narration, every one who ever heard this story sets in to laugh. They allow they can see a whole volume of humor in the situation. How fast did we climb? Well, up for twenty feet there were no branches to help or hinder, save the short sharp stubs that seemed likely to puncture us at every jab. For this distance we exceeded all records by a substantial margin.

"We were not a second too soon. The bear was up on that fence and reaching his full height for us, with only inches in our favor. If he could have sunk one claw in either of our shoes he would have dragged us

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down and mauled us to death in less time than it takes to tell it. All the pent up rage of the hurt and hysterical spirit of the animal was exhibited in his endeavors to reach and destroy us. We caught the rancid, fevered breath as he coughed and roared his rage at us, while the slobber from his jaws splashed against our boots as he snapped and struggled to reach us.

"Grizzlies cannot climb trees and the spruces we were on were too far apart for him to attempt a skid, which might have been possible had they been closer together. Try as he could he was powerless to reach and harm us and his impotence seemed to burn him up. Possibly ten minutes of this intense struggle and the pain from the broken and wounded leg took his attention. He eased himself back into the notch and to the top of the fence, where he began to lick and nurse his wound.

"This gave McNab and me a breathing spell and a chance to make some sort of adjustment in our positions. There did not seem much humor or comfort in the situation. We were safe temporarily but the question was, could we hold our places until help came, or the old bear drop down and leave off his attack. Anything to make it possible for us to drop down and make a dash for home. We climbed higher and got our legs over a limb where we could be a little more comfort-

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able and then McNab reached for his snuff-box, took a real Scotchman's portion and handed it to me. As I returned it, the keen eyes of the man half closed in thought. He looked at his watch, glanced over his shoulder at the sun, to verify his finding and then offered this for our mutual benefit.

"Kootenai, it is now ten minutes past four. In twenty minutes, the boys will be bringing the ponies and in half an hour they will be at the gate. If they get close to this, each leading a horse and that bear drops on them to give them a chase, one of those lads or both is going to be dragged from his horse and you know what that means. Those horses will go crazy, sure. Nothing will save the lads. Now here's what I am going to do. You drop down again as soon as you are rested a bit and stir up the old brute. I am going to wind my legs around the tree and let myself head first within his reach. I can dodge his paws hitting at my hands and slash him over the nose with a branch until I get him crazy wicked, his eyes aflame and his mouth open. Then I am going to shoot this snuff into his face and eyes and trust to luck for the result.

"It seemed a desperate chance to take but it worked out rather easily and most effectually. We broke off some branches, some dried bark and stubs and threw

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them down on the bear. It was sufficient to anger him and he roused himself into another rage. I made a scramble with my feet as I lowered myself to my former position and the grizzly, thinking me coming down, rushed to meet me. In the meantime, McNab had broken off one of the heavy branches and was coming down the tree head-first, striking at the bear and teasing him until his rage was devilish. While he kept the branch busy with his right hand, he held the box of snuff tightly in his left. Later, he reversed the branch and struck the bear sharply across the nose with the butt end. Then throwing the branch away, he took the snuff in his right hand, opened the lid carefully and prepared to play the next feature in the show. Half a moment and, as the bear began slowly to inhale his breath for one of his coughing roars, McNab threw the contents of the box into the throat and eyes of the old sufferer. The scheme worked. This is where the humor of the situation was revealed. The old bear simply lost his identity and attacking force. He choked, smothered and dropped into the crotch, and pawing at his eyes and mouth rolled off the fence with a thud. Coughing and smothering he started to run somewhere and dashed his head against the fence. Then he ran blindly down the sides of the logs, hitting every one that projected until at last he reached

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the creek. By this time McNab and I had dropped from the trees and were heading homewards as fast as our cramped and sore legs would allow.

"We met the boys with the horses less than half a mile down and our troubles were over.

"Where's your fish, Dad," one of his boys asked McNab.

"Up in the Pass, Charles, we'll get them later." His silence and his stern face indicated to me his desire to keep our experience a closed book for the time being. That was wise. Many a boy's nerve and intention has been disturbed by the recital of a situation, the danger of which was made over-apparent by description.

"There is not much left to tell. McNab and Jack Street went into consultation immediately after they located themselves and later, both started for the coral gate. We waited for the inevitable crack of the rifle. It came in due time."

BEN PEDLEY MAKES A PATROL

I NEVER heard a Royal Mounted Policeman relate his experiences. They never talk about themselves outside of the barracks. The following is an example. Ben Pedley's report to his superior officer did not contain fifty words but this is the story:

The winter of 1904-5 has been set down in the log-book of Ben Pedley's career as a Royal Mounted policeman as one of the most strenuous, hazardous and exciting seasons in the history of his alliance with the force. He was attached to the Chipewyan Post, had Sergeant Flood to give out orders, and another constable as a side-kick, all of which meant that no duties would be overlooked. More than all was the inference of a type of isolation sufficient to break down the nerve of an ordinary man. This centre of patrol is located on one of the most dreary and forbidding spots in all the sub-Arctic country. It is bad enough in the summer when there is a small trickle of migration over the trails running north and south; an ebb and flow of adventurers, trappers and Indians, wandering pathetically about. In the winter, however, the whole country for hundreds of miles in every direction is covered with snow, its lakes and rivers ice-bound, and desolation and the promise of death everywhere. Then it is a real man's

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job to carry on and adhere to the instincts inborn and elaborated into the ethics of duty. Ben Pedley and his comrades were real men, and being soldiers as well, they carried on as a matter of course.

One morning an Indian courier brought a letter to Sergeant Flood from the Hudson Bay factor at Onion Lake. It told how an Indian, Crow-Eagle, a Wood-Cree, had broken into the Post storehouse and stolen a number of valuable furs. It suggested that this particular Indian had relatives in the camp of Moostoos at White Fish Lake, about 100 miles distant, and might have headed in that direction. Sergeant Flood stood for a moment absorbing the situation, then he stuck his head out of the door and called in Ben Pedley.

"Read this, Ben. Take your dogs and the big sleigh and bring in this bird."

"Yes, sir."

"Want a guide?"

"No. I cross the Sword Creek at Ballock's old place, and follow the divide all the way to the Lake."

"That's it. Moostoos is a mean old cuss and his two sons are meaner. Watch them for knives. Bring in your man and grab that lousy old Cree if he incites trouble. Keep your head and see that no Indian stands behind you. Do you want Carruthers along with you?"

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"No, sir. I can make it alone."

After a three day run, Ben located the camp, but before he got his hands on Crow-Eagle he had to use all his wits and diplomacy and a show of good nature he did not feel. He had to bring the Indian out alive and he wanted to come out alive himself, which, of course, was quite natural. Ben knew Indians as you and I know a lot of people, and the Indians knew the police, and some of them knew Ben. The wine of revenge mounts quickly to the brain of young Indians. The young bucks were for not giving up Crow-Eagle. Some were willing to take a pot-shot at Ben and others hinted at the finesse of their knife play. Some of the more incautious hinted at the virtues of the fire-test, but it was all in the day's work for the young cop. History does not record that at any time he was unduly alarmed. While the Cree language was playing around his head like fireworks, Ben kept his hold on Old Moostoos and quietly insisted that unless he gave up Crow-Eagle he would be taken in for harboring a criminal. While discussing the matter he noticed two young squaws steal away and make a run for a teepee at the far end of the camp. Ben made a guess at their mission and then made a dash for the same tepee. He arrived before a warning could be understood by those within. From the sounds that fol-

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lowed and the nervous upheavals of the tepee walls, one could guess that the hands and arms of the law were busy within. Very shortly Ben emerged with his prisoner. He read a lesson to Moostoos and the lot of young bloods that was intended to sink under the skin. Possibly it would not. One can never be sure. With his prisoner manacled, Ben got his dogs under way and headed back for Chipewayan, rather pleased with himself. That night while he was making his charge comfortable with the extra blankets he had provided for himself, four young Indians from Moostoos lodge walked boldly into Ben's camp and demanded the release of Crow-Eagle. The soldier did not know enough of the Cree language to understand the full intention of the group until they started to help the criminal out of the sleigh. After that he did not wait for further details. Undoubtedly Ben thought of his service revolver, but he also remembered some clauses in the Regulations regarding the uses of the same. He decided to work out a solution of the difficulty with his fists. Throwing off his buffalo-skin jacket, he stepped between the prisoner and the Indians. The sight of his scarlet tunic meant much to the young bluffs. They hesitated and that lost them the fight. Ben noted the first few bams as his fists met the jaws of the Indians but after that he lost count. It was a

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good fight while it lasted and stirred the blood through his vessels and the laugh to his lips. Then he rounded up his visitors, made them sit down by the fire and brewed them a big pot of tea. Undoubtedly this was the kindest and wisest sort of thing to do and it was typical of Ben Pedley.

One more big day's run and at Chipewayan, Crow-Eagle was handed over to the custody of Sergeant Flood. That stern-faced and kindly disposed officer smiled at the success of Pedley, who in turn began to recount the humorous incidents of his patrol. However, when Flood asked Ben if he had brought in the stolen fur as evidence, the smile seeped out of the big policeman's face and a look of dismay succeeded it.

"Sorry, Ben, but we can't prove much against this Indian unless we find his plunder. The Indian was seen hanging around the storehouse at Onion Lake. There was an opportunity to steal and we know him to be a thief. He was suspected and run off the place. That night the storehouse was broken into and fifty prime otter pelts taken. Crow-Eagle had vanished. That won't prove much, however, without the pelts."

Ben rested his dogs for a couple of days, had one or two heart to heart talks with Crow-Eagle which did not improve his patience any, and eventually pulled out to Moostoos' camp again to recover the fur.

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"I am one sap-headed fool to forget to look for fur. I must have been too busy. I'm mad till I could smother."

Ben was mad, sure enough, and he started to work it out on his huskies. While doing this he fell into the habit all mushers have of talking to themselves and their dogs, as they progressed.

"Hi, there wolves, set into your collars and pull. Get into that light snow in the open. What are you trying to do, go through that bush?" (Whistle.) "Come on ther, show us some running."

"'L bet I'll wallop that lousy old Moostoos a rap on the jaw.

"I just want him to say one word to me about my not getting fur and I'll loop his nose around his dirty old ear."

(Whistle.) "Baldy." "Tatters." "All Hands." "Dig, you wolves." The dogs seemed to understand that Ben took the most of his spleen in talk and the crack of his whip meant little. That was why Ben had few dog troubles and always made the time he did on his patrols.

He knew what he went for by the time he reached the camp of Moostoos again, and that stupid old Indian learned all about it shortly after. Moostoos was cunning and greedy, and evasions and denials came

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thick and fast, so there was nothing for Ben to do but start on a systematic search. Before doing this he sat down in Moostoos' lodge and told the old rascal the danger of concealing stolen goods. It took some time before this all seeped into the brain of the cunning Indian. It was only after an hour of parley that it was safe for Ben to search without the fear of a knife thrust. Seemingly Crow-Eagle had traded in most of the pelts for food and lodging and the few that he had presented to the harboring squaws to stimulate his love-making, were the first to be returned. At the end of the day Ben had come into possession of twenty pelts. This was far from the number he thought must be in the camp, so he began a thorough search through the tepees. Of course this was resented, especially by the squaws. Ben had no scruples about man-handling the bucks but isolation had preserved him from the gentle processes of handling women. Besides he knew that they had an uncanny fashion of concealing a hatchet and holding a grudge a long time. The female of the species can be as deadly as the male and unfortunately it was proven in Ben's case. He was busy searching a tepee occupied by a married woman and her sister, a girl of seventeen or thereabouts. As Ben was stooping down to unearth some pelts from the private belongings of the squaws, he received a deep knife thrust in the

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shoulder that had been aimed at his throat by the girl. Of course this complicated matters but Ben drew his service revolver, reached for the girl and took her out in the open where there were a dozen others ready to carry out any programme of assault and killing. The demonstration died down quickly when Moostoos joined the circle. Ben bundled his pelts and his prisoner into the sleigh and started back to the Post. He met up with a blizzard that nearly smothered the squaw, mushed away through the cold that followed, and delivered to Sergeant Flood the bundle of pelts as evidence of Crow-Eagle's guilt. He gave the squaw as proof that the female of the species was deadly in her intentions.

That evening while the men were bathing Ben's wounded shoulder, and offering him what sympathy and comfort seemed essential, Ben delivered this pearl of wisdom: "There's one advantage in this Indian patrol. You get a chance to learn about women."

DOMBEY, BILLIKEN, AND NELLIE MAY

THIS is a story with three heroes. Of course there's a villain in it and a timber cruiser too. A sore-head, hungry, angry cinnamon bear is the villain and he played the part well. Boyden Moore was the timber cruiser and as all such foresters are heroes naturally, he does not figure in this much.

Boyden Moore's work was the measuring, mapping, locating and parcelling out the amounts of standing timber of all sorts in a certain area of limits under the lease of the Pacific Lumber Company of Tacoma and other Coast ports. Boyden would take his orders from the head office, fill his pockets with pencils and note books and kiss his wife goodbye disappearing into the deep woods, he would emerge, possibly at the end of three months, with the desired information and a text of experiences that would filter from him at intervals. Insurance companies, after learning the risks Boyden was forced to take at times, decided he was in a class by himself and declined with thanks to invest. That was the sort of a timber cruiser Boyden Moore was.

When Nellie May McNair took this cruiser for better or worse, for richer or poorer, or what have you, she had not figured on living alone a full half of the time. Being honest, loyal and determined to play the

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game on the square, she somewhat resented her portion in life.

The big men down at Tacoma knew this, so when the survey of the great timber limits on the Revelstoke slope of the Kootenay range was to be made, MacNab, the big Scotchman, who had been a cruiser, and knew a lot of things Nellie May was learning, called the little lady into the office.

"Nellie May, lass, I'm goin' t' sen' ye oot with Boyden for a bit while. I'm clearin' three acres down on Wat-Watchee River where th' Boyden man wants tae be, an' buildin' yè a real hoose, wi' deep cellars. 'n caches, an' stables, an' quarters for th' men Boyden will need. You'll be gone two years. Ye hae been a guid girl for so long, noo ye can abide wi' your husband, th' both o' you deserve it."

That is how it came that Nellie May and Boyden, and Dombey and Billiken took up housekeeping in the new camp at Souris Point on the Wat-Watchee.

The big bungalow stood in the centre of a three acre clearing overlooking the river. That meant, with the pines taken from the bank, freedom from the danger of forest fires. Beyond the timber-line the underbrush had been cleared out for fifty feet. No chances would be taken with sneaking killers like catamounts and wolverines.

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The builders, in order to give the house an especial home like touch, had added a gallery that ran around three sides of the building. Then they had added mosquito netting as a screen. When Boyden saw and absorbed the possibilities of this gallery, he smiled somewhat grimly. A month later when the freighters brought in heavy bars of iron for the windows, Nellie May began to realize a lot of things that can happen out in the deep woods and which should be catalogued beforehand and accounted for.

Billiken and Dombey were two made-to-order dogs for humiliating bears and other vermin of the wild. Boyden felt that he needed, or rather could use a pair of chaps like these. He crossed a bull terrier sire with a short-haired fox-terrier mother and when the family was born, both Boyden and the mother of the pups declared them to be the finest types hoped for or dreamed of.

They lived to establish the virtue of Boyden's confidence and claim.

They were small, muscular, clear-skinned, short, silky haired dogs, innocent of all fear, and by far the most intelligent of all the terrier crosses. They were not hunters, not noisy, had good tempers, knew their place at the heel and were perfectly amenable to discipline. Boyden had had his experiences with bears and bear-

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dogs. He knew a big dog had no chance with a bear. An Airdale, about the best companion a man can have in the wild, while tricky, clever and tactful in all his fights with the wild creatures, with a cinnamon bear, eventually lost all sense of discretion, and was destroyed because he would rush in to fight at close quarters.

Dombey and Billiken developed perfectly along the lines Boyden had figured on. He had trained their sense of caution, developed the idea of team work in their worrying and teasing. This is easy to do in a dog when there is mutual love, respect and understanding. Instinct warned them to keep from the front of a bear; to attack from the side, or behind, and to be ever ready to jump clear from the deadly swipes he made with his front paws. They knew when he was bitten on the rump, he was going to sit down on the sore spot. They also learned that they could lead him in any direction they wanted him to go, or hold him, seated, angry, profane, indulging only in the guttural threats he continued to give forth.

There is nothing more ridiculous in big game sport than to see a big bear holding his seating capacity intact, while worrying over the threats and snaps of a little mongrel dog, who is a little smarter than he is.

The fall and winter of 1908 was a strange ending to a freaky year. The summer had been dry and the

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danger from fires had been great until September. On the Revelstoke Slope and all down the Wat-Watchee, the cruisers, fire-wardens and patrol had been more than normally alert. September came and in the early part of the month a three days' rain set in. That relieved the fire threat and enabled the cruisers to prepare for the mapping of the limits.

They were establishing land-marks and marking sections when the first snow came. It was all out of season but the fall was heavy and packed firm.

"This is going to be a hard winter on the game. The drouth has destroyed the berry crop and most of the roots and small game is scarce. The bears especially will suffer," continued Boyden. "The grubs are gone and if this cold keeps up they will den up all unprepared for a full season. If they sleep now, most of them will never wake up. Every third creature in the woods will perish this season save the browsers and grazers."

The big woodsman knew. The snow did stay down and the cold stiffened until the first week of December. The lumbermen kept busy but all about them was tragedy. They read the signs. The foxes, cats, wolves and weasels hunted in hysterical fashion. They were desperate. The bears had denned up hollow and hungry and of course they were not sleeping. There is a strange idea prevalent regarding this sleep of the bears

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and the woodchuck. So many are of the opinion that the bears den up in the fall, fat and gloriously full after their season of roaming and pleasure, that they put their paw in their mouth and drop off to sleep, never to wake again until the second day of February when they come out to have a look at the sun and determine on their coming programme for the season. It makes a good story and if it wasn't a silly one, there might be grounds for accepting it. The bears do not go to sleep when they first den up. They never put their paws in their mouth when they do sleep and they never go to sleep in a natural fashion if they are parched or hungry. They will wake in any decided warm spell, no matter how fat they are. If they are hungry or parched they will leave their den temporarily, taking a chance on their bad sight in the hunt for game. Bears will do an unnatural thing in the face of an extremity and make it appear natural.

By December the timber limits had been mapped; the lines run, the water-sheds and skidding slopes located and most of the rough help had gone out to the railway and to the coast cities.

Boyden and Nellie May, with Dombey and Billiken, remained in the big bungalow. The big cruiser and his wife cleared the rugs off the floor and while the

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gramophone etched out the music, they danced themselves happy. Billiken and Dombey sprawled on the floor in a most undignified fashion for dogs that had received such a bringing up. Just before Christmas MacNab sent Alex. Fraser in with a note to Boyden so full of apologies that it was lopsided. He wanted Boyden to come in to headquarters to advise on a settlement involving a large contract in the Orient. "Bring in Nellie May," wrote MacNab, and if she don't choose to come, have Fraser stay with her till you return." But Nellie May had a lot of notions about not making a trip like that, and when Fraser looked blue about having to stay out, she sent him back with Boyden.

"I have Dombey and Billiken, my rifle, and my faith in a protecting God and that is about enough for the wife of a timber cruiser. Tell MacNab he is an old bother and that I'll be needin' you and he is to have you here for Christmas, Boyden Moore."

The philosophy of Nellie May was typical. Western women so often use their heads when hysteria and silly rebellion might appear natural. It is the result of isolation and a deep grounded acceptance of duty.

The December thaw was in full tide before the men left in the morning.

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"Let the Chinook come in the dark
It will leave the world stark,
Let it die in the morn,
And the world is re-born"

It continued through three full days and cleared in the morning. A warm coast rain cleared the forest of snow and all through the aisles of the wet woods, the sounds of an awakening were being given forth. Nellie May and the dogs revelled in the moist warm air and the intermittent bursts of sunshine. She had hardly stepped out of the gallery, when down at the edge of the river she spied two bears frantically pulling and scratching at the surface rocks. It was evident that they were frenzied with hunger and were searching for grubs, growling and raging at each other in their greed. Here was a menace she had never dreamed of. What Boyden had suggested of the results of a heavy thaw was before her. The bears had come out, starving, ranging in their frenzy, savage and dangerous.

The dogs discovered the bears as soon as Nellie May and rushed to attack them. At first sight of the dogs, the smaller bear sped for the cover of the brush but the larger bear stood its ground for an instant and then rushed to meet the onslaught of the dogs. Dombey and Billiken made their attack in typical fashion. They

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circled the bear from either side and, as they closed in to bite and worry, it dropped and sat there growling and raging, striking wildly and gnashing at them. Then they changed their tactics a little. Dombey began fighting from a safe distance in front of the bear and as it rushed him he darted into the rear, while Billiken sunk his teeth in its rump and hind legs. It was a rush and grab but it worked. That was too much for bruin and he dropped again to protect himself. Just at this moment he spied Nellie May who had, in her excitement, walked down the steps of the gallery into the open. All his rage and hysteria seemed now to centre upon her. He paid little heed to the attacking dogs that jumped and grabbed him as he rushed with a scream of rage directly at her. Before she could realize what was happening, he was almost upon her. She had just time to get inside the door, and close and bolt it, before he hurled his entire weight against the barrier. He was foiled for the instant and dropped back again to save himself from the dogs, which had fastened themselves like leeches to his legs.

He struck at them but they dodged. Then he rushed down the steps and nearly got Dombey, but as Billiken was working hard at the sore rump, the bear gave up the chase to save further torture. After a moment to get his breath, he tried his weight again against the

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door and as he did so, the dogs made another attack. On the gallery, however, their movements were restricted, and they had to get out into the open quickly to save themselves. They had drawn blood, and as the big brute licked his wounds, the taste of the blood enraged him more. He was frenzied, devilish, insane. The drool and spume from his distended mouth was spattered against the framework of the gallery as he coughed and roared his rage. He reached his height in front of the door, sunk his claws into the wood, and ripped down the length, leaving trails where the claws had ploughed, half an inch deep. Dombey came rushing up the steps but he misjudged his distance and a swipe from the bear caught him full on the ear and knocked him spinning. When he hit the ground, however, he was scrambling and escaped with no further harm.

From inside the house, Nellie surveyed the battle, somewhat at a disadvantage, for there was no window, except those immediately in front where she could see. She had time to recover her senses from the fright she had been given, and time for a word of prayerful thanks for her escape. Meanwhile, now that the dogs were not so bold, the bear began a survey of the windows. This was the danger that Boyden had sensed when he first saw the bungalow. The windows had been set so low that an enraged or inquisitive or hungry bear could

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easily break them and scramble through. Now, only the iron bars he had put in were saving Nellie May from a horrible death, and these could not save her long if the beast made an effort to thrust them aside. The dogs might worry him for a time, but eventually he would test his strength, and instinct told Nellie May that he would tear them out. Between spasmodic rushes at the dogs, who could not surround him, the bear began to test the bars, going from window to window. They offered some resistance but he was gauging the thrust and pull more than his own strength and they bothered him. Keeping out of his sight Nellie May examined her rifle and waited.

She was standing by the big fire-place in the shadows when the savage brute approached the window. He seemed to sense her presence although he could not see her. He pressed his nose against the glass till she thought he would break it. Then the dogs began to worry him again and he rushed away after them.

The fright was seeping into her very soul. She felt so much alone and thought of trying to make an escape out of the back door and into the stable across the area, but dismissed the idea as silly. It was so absurd that it made her laugh but her laugh ended in a cry of distress. She was growing hysterical and realized the danger.

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She had to be sensible and calm. She was the wife of a cruiser who always had to be brave and she would be worthy. She would, she would. She had her rifle and could shoot. What was there to be afraid of. Let her keep her head. Then she whispered a prayer:—"God help me to keep my head."

The dogs were tiring. They had covered much ground, had bitten and jumped, struggled and worried for half-an-hour, with little apparent result. Their enemy was now stalking its prey and while he remained on the gallery the most they could do was to threaten him. The bear apparently was preparing to enter the house. His victim, the reward of a kill, was inside, and his patrol of the windows and his testing of the bars indicated his intention.

Now that Nellie had controlled herself, there seemed to be but one course open for her. It was a risk but the cruisers were always taking risks. She would have to kill that bear and there was only one way. Being Scotch, and a McNair, she abhorred a waste, even of window glass, so she quietly raised the window of the living room, took her rifle and standing back again in the shade beside the fire-place she waited. Another row outside as the dogs started again at the bear, this time edging him closer within range. He saw Nellie May and in a rage, made a pull at the lower bar. Then the

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dogs drew him aside for a moment but he soon returned again to his prey. This time he meant to get in. Between them was nothing save three bars of iron he was already bending. He paid no attention to the dogs now but was ripping and biting at the iron. This was the time for Nellie May to keep her head and nerve.

She waited quietly while he struggled erect on his hind feet. Then she looked coolly over the sights of her rifle to a point on his body behind which she knew his savage heart was throbbing, and the rifle spoke a protest.

Telling Boyden about it afterwards, while Dombey and Billiken were blinking in a pleased and lazy fashion from the big rug before the fire-place, Nellie May asked, "What was the use of my breaking the glass. The bear hadn't broke it, why should I?"

Then she concluded. "Boyden. Faith in God is what counts. It put the rifle in my hands, and the courage in my heart. The combination worked."

PIAPOT SURRENDERS TO FATE

WHEN the engineers who were staking out the right of way for the Canadian Pacific Railroad, had reached the bluffy land that lies between Crane and Gull lakes in Saskatchewan, they were forced to run the line across the extreme southeast corner of the reserve of Piapot, chief of a large family of the Wood-Cree tribe. This family had been separated from the main body of these Indians by reason of the peculiar disposition of its leader.

Piapot had a large group and his dominant, disagreeable personality had been transmitted to a sufficient number of his men to warrant the Government in isolating them to a part of the territory where they could easily be watched and controlled. Piapot was mean and bad. He was proud, after a fashion, but with none of the merit and dignity that characterized so many of the chiefs of greater tribes. He had always been a thorn in the flesh of the police. He took supreme pleasure in defying their orders and advice, and making a mock of the authority they merely suggested at first. Later they handed it to him in chunks and made him like it. His men had made too many raids on the herds of ponies running the Cypress Hills range, belonging to the Blackfeet and Bloods, to warrant any-

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thing but the suspicion of these two tribes and their keenest hatred. A tribal war had not broken out, with the inevitable destruction of the old Trouble-maker and his tribe, because of the presence of the police.

The engineers had staked out seven miles of right-of-way through the bluffs and over on the Alkali flats in one day, for the going was easy, but on the return to camp in the evening they found all the stakes were missing. There was nothing to do but plant new ones, and wonder how it happened. While they were engaged in this work they were alarmed by a large body of Indians moving deliberately down on them. It was Piapot and his tribe, his family and friends, and none of them in an especially agreeable mood. As it happened, most of the engineers were students sent out from the Old Country to gain experience, and what they had learned about Indians was sufficient to lend wings to their rapid retreat.

Piapot had a thrill as he saw the hasty flight of the young men, and his conceit rose. He'd show the white-man that here was one Indian who wouldn't stand for a lot of nonsense like planting stakes in a long row across his Reserve. Then he moved directly on the right-of-way and ordered camp to be made permanently. It was a challenge but as there were evidently no police

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near to bother him, the old Bluff made a venture which he hoped to put across.

At the Police Headquarters in Regina, the story came in from the engineers camp, of a raid of Indian warriors who had threatened them with extermination, and asking for a force of at least 100 men to cope with the situation. Not only had their lives been threatened but the work of construction was being destroyed as fast as it progressed. They would expect full protection from the police, and be sure to send sufficient men."

When Superintendent Walsh read the message he smiled somewhat grimly . . . "I wonder where they expect me to get 100 men? I couldn't furnish that many to head off a Civil War."

Then he wrote a dispatch to Sergeant Graves, who, with one private was patrolling the District and the Reserve from Maple Creek.

"Go down to the engineers' camp on the Reserve, and move out Piapot and his people who have made camp on the right-of-way."

That was all, and a typical police order.

Two men to scatter a camp of 1000 Indians, and most of them so mean that the torturing, killing and scalping of white men would be a most welcome adventure! Two men to control the movements of 600 painted and braided warriors who were dancing them-

PIAPOT SURRENDERS TO FATE

selves into a frenzy of rage, and who were glorying in the fact that they had found a way to block the progress of the White-man's passage through the country.

It was a hair-trigger situation. It might mean the death of whatever Police were sent against them, as well as the extermination of the camp of engineers. Every day that group of men were visited by masses of howling, threatening, taunting Indians, bent on provoking a quarrel, and trying to leave the impression that any further attempt to cross the Reserve meant annihilation.

As the days passed in fear of death, and the nights in the horror of a surprise and massacre, it is little wonder that anxious eyes were turned to the east, and far down the new-laid rails for the troops that never came. An advance was impossible, and a retreat might mean death. They must stand their ground.

On the morning of the fourth day two police rode into the construction camp from the West and asked for the head-men. They had ridden past the Indian village on the right-of-way, paying little heed to the derisive shouts and screams of the squaws, who seemed to be especially abusive.

"Did you men ask for protection?" Sergeant Graves was a quiet self-contained man.

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"Of course we did, and do you mean to say that you two men are all that were sent,"

"I wouldn't be surprised if we were all that could be spared."

"Will you tell us then how the devil you expect to protect us against that mob of red savages down there?" This is not protection, it is folly. How do you expect to turn old Piapot off that right-of-way.

"I haven't figured it out yet, but I reckon it can be done." If we go down trying, begin to pray. They'll get you soon after."

With that Graves and his man turned their horses and rode back to the encampment of Indians. On their way they encountered a number of the young men threatening and warning of their intentions. To these Graves paid little heed until he reached the lodge of Piapot. The old chief sat defiantly in the door of his teepee, which is an Indian's way of showing uncivility, antagonism and disrespect.

Dismounting, and handing the reins of his horse to the young comrade riding with him, he brushed aside the mob that was gathering fast, and called to Piapot to come and stand beside him. The old Chief gave no sign of recognition and Graves moved closer.

"Piapot, you have your camp on the right-of-way,

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and your men have taken the stakes that were planted. Now you break your lodges and get out of this."

Then to the policeman with him he added:—"Billy, keep your nerve. This is a real jam, and we may not get out of it alive but we'll try."

"Let my horse go, and take your carbine. Be ready to shoot if I give you the word, and hit what I tell you to. If I go down, ride in and give me a hand."

"Right-O, Sergeant."

Then Graves moved closer to the lodge of the chief while the Indians crowded around with jeers and threats. Some rushed to stand between the mounted officer and Piapot, but the soldier sat ready for all emergencies. As the news of the arrival of the Police spread through the camp, the squaws and children joined the mob, until at last the whole tribe was screaming and gesticulating about the two officers. The situation was like a slack-wire balance. A blow struck, a false move, a rifle shot, and the mob would have destroyed the officers as a grizzly would have smitten a victim.

Graves stood silently alert watching Piapot, who appeared somewhat alarmed at the outburst of his own people, then he called to the mounted man:—"Move in a bit and hold your rifle on this bunch of men," indicating a group of Indians who had been discussing some

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deviltry together. Then the Sergeant took out his watch and advanced close to Piapot, with a passing glance at the arrangement of the key pole of his lodge.

"I will give you three minutes to get on your feet, you old Devil, and order this camp off the right-of-way."

When the squaws build their teepees, there is one pole that locks and binds the rest of them together. Remove this and the support of the walls is gone and the lodge collapses.

"One moment of the time has gone, Piapot, what are you going to do?" There was no answer, nothing but a sullen stare. What was in the mind of Graves, the Indians could not guess. Was Piapot to be shot? No, That was not the way the police controlled. If he was harmed the men would tear these police to pieces and feast on their livers. If he was to be handled by the officers, he would never leave the camp. They would make big medicine first and light the test fires.

Two minutes passed. Graves put his watch in his pocket, moved nearer the lodge and slipped his toe alongside the key pole of Piapot's teepee, and then with a sidewise kick he knocked it out of place, while the lodge and poles fell on the head of the stupid old braggart.

The bluff had been called.

PIAPOT SURRENDERS TO FATE

Then calling to Chalmers to follow him closely, Graves proceeded from lodge to lodge, kicking out the key-poles, until ten of the teepees were in a scramble of disarray. Returning to Piapot, who by this time was on fire with shame and humiliation, Graves seized him by the shoulder and swung him on his heels to attention.

"Now. you give an order for this camp to break at once, and every one of you be out of sight within an hour. I've had about all the trouble with you I'm going to have."

Within an hour, the Indians had all moved north and out of sight in the coulees of the broken land.

Riding home that night, Private Chalmers asked the Sergeant:—"Which one of the squaws was that wonderful daughter, Piapot talks so much about?"

"The tall one who laughed so hard when the teepee poles hit the old man."

THE OUTLAW WHO PAID IN FULL

THE Wolverine is the largest of the weasels. He is an indiscriminate killer, a glutton, and is an outlaw among the predatory animals. He attains the size of a large collie dog but like all killers and feasters who will scavenge, the type of the African Hyena, he is of the arc-spined group. Normally his head is carried low and his back makes a pronounced arc terminating in sloping, but strong and serviceable buttocks from which a heavy brushy tail carries out.

He is brown in color with a splash of dirty yellowish white across his sides. This yellow splash varies markedly in different animals. Being a full cousin to the skunk, he has a decided nauseating odor which on occasion is very pronounced. He is the worst glutton and the most selfish desperado in the territory he curses with his presence. He will, when the lust is upon him, take the lives of half a dozen creatures that he may satisfy his thirst for blood. All the weasels have that devilish trait. He may not be able to devour his kill in its entirety but what he cannot eat he will spoil with his nauseating and contemptible practices.

To the trappers he is a scourge and a menace, even to life itself. He will get on a trap-line, follow down from one set to another and if a catch has been made,

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the nasty curse will kill the animal and then with seemingly a devilish instinct to destroy, deliberately tear the skin and fur to pieces. When the trap has not been sprung he will work with satanic efficiency until he has touched the trigger plate and sprung the set.

Generally speaking, he is cowardly, sneaking and treacherous but at bay is a monster in battle. No dog that I know of, save the Russian wolf-hound, has a chance with him. The chances are if the wolverine was worsted that the dog would die from lock-jaw for the bite of the beast is poisonous to a great extent. The danger is not evident because of secretions within his mouth, but as the result of contact with the blood stained and poisoned whiskers and the hair of his lips. He is most negligent and vile in his personal habits. Rarely does he bathe; his crop of fleas are never scattered by a mud bath or a plunge in the river; and unlike the cats, or the bears and wolves, he never washes his face. In the presence of a feast he is an aggressor because he well understands that none of the other predatory animals will give him battle. Any of the bears could master him in combat but if there is threat of a struggle, the bears will shift to avoid it if possible. The same is true with the cats and the wolves. I came across the evidences of a skirmish between a mountain lion and a wolverine that convinced me that the cats

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will fight on occasion. When they mix in they kill and kill quickly. The broken back of the wolverine, where with one bite through the spine, he had been dispatched, and the package of cat fur in the mouth of the dead beast, told the story. One smell of an approaching wolverine is sufficient for a wolf. I cannot realize that it is entirely fear of the poisonous bite, or the danger of the encounter, as much as it is the contempt the killers have for the nasty brute. He is an outlaw and the communal animals know him as such and despise him for his low standards and loathsome habits.

As an outlaw he is accorded no sense of toleration. The Indians used to organize for his killing. The hunters, trappers and adventurers kill on sight and the wise line runner will not pretend to make his trapping effectual until he has destroyed a wolverine in his district. I have never shot or clubbed one to death that I did not realize a sense of relief. I shot the first one close-up. My dog had started him but David's courage did not stand the pressure of the vicious rush of the startled wolverine. I heard his yips of fear and wondered what had happened. He was busy trying to locate me and keep away from the wolverine at the same time and he was busy. I whistled to locate myself and David came running with his pursuer frothing and growling his rage. Both were heading for me. David was recall-

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ing all his past expressions of fear and giving them forth in unmistakable language and the wolverine was prompting from the rear. He was intent on catching the dog and David was entirely of the mind that safety might be found close by my side. I was becoming a center of attraction and not at all an agreeable one but I had to stand by David. David was the sort of a dog companion that men will take any chance on life or death for, so I fingered my rifle and waited. It was a thirty-thirty bullet that conveyed my compliments and David endorsed all I said.

The Indian name for the wolverine is the CARAJOU, meaning the Glutton, or a Devil-Feeder. In the Arapahoe dialect he is WET-TA-PO GARAJOU, or "The Evil Spirit who ever feeds."

But he is more than a mere glutton. He is a danger, a menace and a curse, Many an unfortunate trapper has had his cache of provisions and stores of furs broken into and his flour and bacon spoiled.

More than one man, thus deprived of a season's grub, has been forced to abandon his traps and seek his way back into civilization, broken and discouraged, beaten by a cunning more devilish than the brain of man can understand.

In the early fall of 1902, with Se-Santa (Red Plume), I made a winter camp on the Upper Red Deer

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river, near Rocky Mountain House, Alberta. Se-Santa was a Stoney Indian, a first class hunter, a good man and a blood-brother. We hoped to get some high class fur and I was also keen to learn something of the winter life of the wild. We knew we would meet up with wolverines and Se-Santa had had some experiences that left a scar of profound hatred on his soul. He had been mauled by one and his legs severely bitten while on a trap-line. The infection had been severe and had nearly cost him his life. Naturally we started war on them as soon as we had completed camp. We wanted to keep on good terms with our close-in neighbors among the wild folk as long as possible, at least until the hard cold set in, for it is well known that the killers, with a new coat on are very different in disposition from what they were during the warmer months. We made as little trouble as we could near our camp. The black bears and some cinnamons came snooping and of course they left their hides behind as we protested. A mountain lion came calling but the dogs treed him and he also made a contribution. These and others of the groups of great killers, were in no sense enemies. There was not a shade of anger or spleen or fear in our hearts. The bears furnished us with fat and food for the season. We had to kill the mountain cat to save David and Bounder and Rex, for

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our dogs were our personal friends. We needed mule deer venison to make pemmican, so we got one out on the edge of the prairie. We were ethical hunters, living off the country as was our right.

One sight of a wolverine, however, and the hatred, the desire to slay, the killing instinct, flamed up and surged through our nature as the fires that creep up the mountain sides. Red Plume would pale as we discussed the matter afterwards and the moisture on his forehead told of his intense emotion. It was much the same stunning, horrible sensation that grasps the sensibilities when one comes suddenly on a rattle snake and he hits from a half-coil.

Of course we came to ourselves in due time and discussed our work sanely and deliberately.

One morning, not long after our first view of the enemy, through the cabin window I spied a wolverine stalking something I could not see from my line of sight. I did not tell Red Plume, for I felt that a drama of the wild was to be played, with the first act before me and he might spoil it. Quietly I moved to the other side of the cabin, opened the door and stepped silently outside. A big fat porcupine was backing down out of a tree thirty feet away. This was what was engaging the attention of the wolverine. He was a sluggish, deliberate old chap with a black face and big beady eyes

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and what a coat of armament he carried. It was his new winter suit and he was certainly prepared for emergencies. The quills on his back were seven inches long and as he likely had not been attacked recently, they were as closely grown as they could be. The wolverine wanted to get the porcupine before the latter, alarmed and frightened, could start up the tree again. Undoubtedly he was figuring on a breakfast, but so far as I could determine, he was preparing to use very poor judgment.

If the wolf meets up with a porcupine and needs a meal, he will circle the beast, teasing him into the ball the little chap assumes when alarmed, then he will slip his paw under and throw the porcupine on his back. A rip across the abdomen and the meal is ready. The fox will do the same if he is hungry and the badger is not too big.

Instead of rushing between the tree and the porcupine and then handling him as the other killers do, the wolverine came bounding like the senseless carajou he was and leaped upon the deadly tiny spears of his victim. In an instant his mouth, nose, throat and chest were filled with the quills. The pain of the thousand thrusts angered the wolverine to a frenzy and he shook the porcupine to death without releasing his hold but it had cost him much. His kill was no longer

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a meal. His paws were full of quills and he dared not try to walk. His face and cheeks were full and the little barbs would eventually blind him. The quills in his throat would stop his breathing and the terrible inflammation and fever would torture him to the last moment of his life. His gluttony had sentenced him to the most horrible of deaths. He could not live and death would not come until the torture had finished with him. He might live for a week, but before that time his whole head and neck would be a festering sore. Nature had demanded that the penalties be exacted. He was to die following the old decrees, recognized by all peoples as the doctrine of reprisal.

I called to Se-Santa, "Keep the dogs in there, and come out, I have something here to show you."

The flame of rage mounted as the Indian first saw the wolverine but as soon as he comprehended the meaning of it all, he smiled. He was drinking at the fountain of a revenge, not his own, but more stimulating than his own brain could conceive.

"Three suns and three sleeps and he will die." Then, as if he did not want me to fully understand him he muttered:

"Soma Soma, he mayai imago. We topa sin dezaro," which meant in the Dakotah dialect. "The old sin-beast. He will be paid in full."

MARY GRAY AND THE PRAIRIE FIRE

MARY BARTLES and Sam Gray had been sweethearts for a long time, but none of Mary's friends in the little Quebec town where both had been born and raised, endorsed the matter to any appreciable extent. Mary had the breeding and training and Sam had good looks but little else to write a story about. When he decided to go out west, which was shortly after he had seen the picturesque figure of a visiting cow-boy, no one seemed anxious to discourage him, Mary's parents least of all.

Sam decided to be a cow-puncher but after a season of that life he reconsidered his vocation and took up a homestead. Of course there is less romance in homesteading than in riding the range, but Sam's imagination never forsook him. In one of these spasms he decided that to the folks back east, he must always be a rider and a successful one at that. Naturally, he began to think of Mary and that brings her back into the picture. His letters, full of apologies, revealed a strain of confidence in himself that stimulated respect in Mary's soul and doubts in the mind of every one else.

At the end of two years Sam was ready to return to his old home-town. Some months before he left he

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secured a series of photographs of the great Matador Rancho and then let his imagination run wild. His inferences were much more effectual than his spoken word would have been and Mary thought a successful man was coming home. Possibly he was a partner in this great concern and the cattle on a thousand hills were his. Who could say different for men made progress very fast out west. There would be horses to ride, dogs to chase the prairie wolves with, Chinamen for servants, etc. It was a wonderful dream to Mary and her romantic soul reached out for the substance of it all.

By this it will be understood that there was method in the madness of an inference that was a thousand times meaner than a lie. The only ranch Sam possessed was one hundred and sixty acres of land that had more coulees than flats in it, and which had cost him ten dollars in coin of the realm. His ranch house was an 8 x 10 shack and the branded and unbranded stock about him consisted of a flock of ten discouraged hens, an orphan calf he had mavericked from someone's herd and a team of cayuses and a wagon that were worth \$8.00 of any man's money. Sam put his story across back east and sentimental Mary fell for it. Then the two legged rattler married the trusting little woman and brought her out west.

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Sam saw the joke in it all, but after Mary had recovered from the shock of the disaster, her pride and breeding asserted itself, and she set about to make the best of a contemptibly cruel hoax. The little sum of money she had brought with her was soon spent, the most of it clearing up some of Sam's old debts, but that was not the worst of it. Mary's nearest neighbors were seven miles away, so the little girl had every chance to think a lot of things over. Breeding counts, however, and while she was lonesome to distraction, her pride crushed and her nerves on edge with fear, yet she carried on like the thorough-bred she was.

The winter passed, somehow, and then the spring and seeding time came which ushered in a hot, dry windy summer. Corporal Frank Londos, of the Royal Mounted, making a patrol and inspecting fire-guards, came upon the desolate little shack one late afternoon. He dropped in to learn all he could about homesteaders who neglected to plow their fire-guards. He was the first visitor Mary had had in months and in his scarlet tunic he startled her for a moment. The kindly smile of the officer was reassuring and the lonely little woman came forward unalarmed, as was her breeding.

"I am Sam Gray's wife, Mary Gray."

"I am Corporal Londos of the Royal Mounted out

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on fire-guard inspection. I see your husband has neglected to plow his guards this season."

"Fire-guards?" Mary seemed bewildered.

"Yes, Mrs. Gray. The homesteaders, for their own protection and the safety of all, are required to plow eight furrows all around their buildings to ward off the danger of prairie fires. You hadn't known of this?"

"No, Mr. Londos. Do you think Sam knew about it?"

"Yes, your husband knows his homestead duties."

The truth of the situation began to seep into the soul of the little woman, soon to be a mother. What an innocent she was. Alone, neglected, her heart being eaten out with lonesomeness, and now the fright of this new-found danger. It was not a new story with Londos. He had met situations like it before, but hardly one with a keener, meaner slant to it. This little homesteader needed care. Her nearest neighbor was seven miles away and no means for help if help was needed. No protection for her life, no fire-guards, with the dry bunch-grass surrounding the house and stretching for miles in every direction. A tragedy in the framing was possible and Londos determined on immediate action.

"Do you know where your husband went?"

"He did not say, but I suppose to Swift Water. He has considerable business there."

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"Pardon me, Mrs. Gray. I think you should know the truth. As a police officer it is my duty to tell you the things you should know. Your husband has no business in Swift Water. I happen to know that if he is not to be found in a pool room there, he may be located in some breed camp in the hills down by the river. I am riding now to see Schmaltz, your German neighbor over yonder, and you, little lady, make ready to go to the hospital when I come for you tomorrow. You can't be left alone here any longer."

At Schmaltz' place Corporal Londos ordered the thrifty German to bring a team and wagon and follow him back to Gray's.

"Put in your plough and a drag. We'll have to do Gray's fire-guard for him, the lazy devil, but I'll see that you are well paid for it." It was warm, hard work, but before the long summer's evening had closed, an eight furrow fireguard had been run about the little shack and the two men had gone. Then came Sam with his alibis.

"Who ploughed the fire-guard, Mary?"

"Corporal Londos and Mr. Schmaltz came this afternoon and did it." Mary hesitated about telling him of the presence of the police. Sam got quite unreasonable and emphatic in discussing the police. Just why, Mary could not guess, but the police knew.

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"What was it to Londres? As for Schmaltz, I'll bet I'll have to pay enough for his work. The old bat! Well, he can wait for his money."

The next morning as Sam saddled his horse, Mary called to him. "Please don't go this morning, Sam. Corporal Londres will be here and I need you. You should know I do."

"I don't want to see him."

"But this is not fair, Sam. I'm getting frightened."

"Oh, you'll be all right, cry-baby."

Mary cried a little as Sam disappeared down the coulee, but through her tears she smiled and laughed. Soon she would not be alone any more. A little stranger was coming to keep her company. The fears of the dark journey through the valley of pain and motherhood suffering shocked her but for a moment. What about it? Other young mothers had gone through it alone and lived. She would, too. At any rate she would not be afraid. Why should she be? The faith of her fathers comforted her. She was of the breeding of the Hielands."

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll no want."

"Yea, tho' I walk thro' death's dark vale I shall na' fear ill."

As she approached the door she noticed that the wind was rising, coming from the northwest. A herd

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of antelope went flying by, running to their limit. As she gazed and wondered, a family of coyotes broke from cover and followed them. The gophers were squeaking and excited. An old mother badger was running through the grass, calling her babies, and on the other side of the coulee a herd of horses and cattle were running as fast as they could go in the same direction. What did it all mean? Mary ran around the end of the house and realized it all. A great bank of smoke reached from the prairie to the skies. It was a long way off yet but was coming directly for her. FIRE. FIRE. The dreaded prairie death was rushing to encompass and destroy her. She could not run as the animals did. The smoke would smother her and then the red and yellow flames would scorch and blister and fry the very flesh from her body. She would die without looking in the face of her baby. Why had Sam left her? She looked about her in hysterical fear. The fire-guard. It was freshly plowed. That might stop the flames. What had Schmaltz told her about a back-fire? Of course, she could set one. It would run out slowly to meet and check the oncoming flood of fire. It would leave a big space between the fire-guard and the disaster rushing to destroy. Then she would throw lots of water on the grass between the fire-guard and the shack. She had plenty of time for this and if Sam

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would only come she would be perfectly all right. Quickly she tied a rag around her stove-poker, sprinkled it with kerosene, set it alight, and then ran all about the outer edge of the fire-guard. Slowly the flames mounted, slowly they moved up against the wind, then as it caught in behind them, they hurried down into the coulee, to die out at the creek's edge. Mary had given herself a better chance of life and her home was safe. Tired and broken with the shock and strain of the extra effort the poor girl sat down on the steps to rest for a moment. Glancing up she saw a team and police buck-board coming as fast as the horses could run. Down through the coulee they came, up the long slope and into the yard to Mary's side. Londos of the Royal Mounted. When the fire had broken out at Red Deer Crossing a hundred miles away, word of it had been sent to the detachment at Shadow Creek and Corporal Londos had started his run to Mary. He knew she would be in the path of the dreaded death and probably alone. A thirty mile race with a prairie fire but the soldier had won.

It took a little time for Mary to rightly realize and appreciate her position. She was saved and in the most natural and orthodox fashion. A scarlet rider of the Royal Mounted had arrived in time. He was supposed to be on time—they always were. The fire and smoke

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were bad and she was tired but she would meet him on her feet. Just as she was about to scream out her joy and rush to greet Londos, there came a merciful oblivion. Nature had demanded that the spirit of the woman be calmed. As she lay quiet in the little home she had done so much to save, the great roaring tide of flame passed her by without daring to harm her.

Late that evening after the smouldering grass roots had died out over the great black tract of burnt-over prairie, Mary was made comfortable in the police buckboard and Corporal Londos started his team on another long gallop to Swift Water and the hospital. Again the Royal Mounted officer was on time.

I almost forgot to mention Sam. Before the police and the law had disposed of him there was ample time for Mary to return to the east with her father and the wee laddie. Fifteen years is quite a long time and he has since grown to understand why his name is Frank Londos, Jr.

CONSTABLE PEDLEY MAKES A RESCUE

THE winter season of 1904-05 was the one that tested the soul of Ben Pedley of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. It was a break of heavy patrols and bitter killing cold but that wasn't all.

He was attached to the Fort Chipewayan detachment and two other red-blooded he-men helped in the supervision and control of a territory of the isolated, desolate region of the sub-Arctics fully five thousand square miles in extent. Sergeant Flood and Constable Graham were the best of summer men, but when the snow was on the prairie and the dogs were called out, Ben Pedley went with them. Ben was the strongest, fleetest and most patient driver in all the north and that's covering a lot of territory.

Ben knew dogs and his huskies knew him, loved and trusted him. So often he went out on the long patrols and returned sound and safe that long patrols came to be the portion of the big keen policeman. In the late summer of 1904, the Reverend George Bayard, a Presbyterian evangelist, invaded the sub-Arctics, making a missionary tour for the salvation of all and sundry souls that might be in need of his ministrations. Just how he came to pick on this region for his activities will always remain a mystery. Apart from the

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Nursing Sisters in the Hospice, the three police officers and one or two lay brothers who worked around the Mission farm, there were not a dozen white people within a radius of 200 miles. He had been further north the previous year and had done all he could to aid the spiritual experience of several camps of half-breeds with varying success.

When he arrived at Peace Station, a Hudson Bay Company's depot in October, he studied the situation for a time and decided to winter there. It is not recorded that Anton Riboux, the half-breed who had the station in charge, hailed this decision with loud paeans of joy. Anton was a wise old man and he could sight trouble a long way off, but it was inevitable.

Anton was right. The solitary life of the evangelist in the snow-buried log shack shredded out his nerves and convinced the breed that he should secure help from the police at once. A passing patrol carried the complaint across to Chipewyan and Sergeant Flood talked it over with his men at supper that night. That is how it came to be Ben's task to bring out the evangelist. It is a three day's run from Peace Station to Chipewyan and the heavy cold was settling fast. Ben and Anton wrapped the unfortunate man in heavy furs and tied him fast in the sleigh. Through cold that was killing in its severity Ben drove his dogs. He rested them

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as they tired, gave his lunatic charge the attention needed, cooked the meals, guarded him against freezing and allowed him the essential liberty and help. This alone was a task, for the poor fellow fought continually and sometimes bit and scratched like a cat.

Ben got him in to Chipewayan but that is only a part of the story. The mad-man had to be taken in to the nearest medical post for treatment, Fort Saskatchewan, 500 miles away. Ben had to run nearly all the way and when he wasn't running he was helping the dogs pull the load. He had to break trail when the blizzards dazed the dogs, and when he wasn't breaking trail he was doing his best to keep the lunatic from smothering in the powdered driven snow. The cold registered from 20 to 50 degrees below zero, so cold that it was dangerous to expose the bare hands long enough to unweave the tangle the dogs made of their harness at times. In these temperatures Ben had to allow his patient to exercise. To keep the blood flowing freely the big policeman would maul and wrestle gently but effectually with him, always guarding against the teeth that threatened and the break for freedom. What a test for a man's nerves!

"I never was sure," said Ben, "when he lay quiet and still in the sleigh that he was not freezing to death."

In the timber country, the constable found game,

CONSTABLE PEDLEY MAKES A RESCUE

moose and caribou, and he was able to give his dogs a much needed feed and rest. The fresh meat gave them all strength and added stamina. With the game, however, came the wolves. More than once Ben had to build great fires for the protection of his camp against these desperadoes. It meant a continual watch all through the night.

"God, how I needed sleep," said the soldier, telling of it afterwards. "There was lots of grub, everything to help but sleep. The dogs suffered too, from this cause. The huskies, instead of dropping in the snow to sleep anywhere, insisted in keeping in close. They were nervous and fearful, and you know what that does to dogs."

Probably the worst experience of all that terrible journey of nearly three weeks was the weathering of a heavy blizzard that came just before Ben and the madman reached Big Wee Chaume Lake. This storm, laden with snow that blinded and smothered like flour, was so severe that Pedley lashed his charge and himself in their rugs and sleeping bags to a tree. With the upturned sleigh as the only windbreak they were kept prisoners for 48 hours. Only the drifting snow that piled all around them and gave them much needed protection, saved their lives. As the storm abated and the

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heavy cold set in, the temperature went to 65 below zero and held there for nearly ten hours.

Just below Fort McMurray, after the storm and the exceeding cold snap had ended, at a time when Ben knew the worst half of his journey was over, a new trouble hit him. Camp had been made in the timber and although the wolves were about, no special precautions against an attack seemed essential. He had built a huge fire for their own comfort and warmth, and some baking that he proposed to do for the benefit of his patient. The insane man had been quiet and Ben had taken him out of the sleigh and was trying to induce him to eat more than he had been doing. The terrible experiences in the killing cold seemed to have dazed the poor fellow. He did not respond to the gentle mauling Ben had started for exercise but seemed anxious only to watch the fire and examine his chilled fingers as they warmed up.

While supper was being prepared the wolves, possibly attracted by the smell of the frying bacon, became bolder, and Ben had to shoot to keep them from making an attack on the dogs.

"As I dropped my rifle," said Ben, "I glanced to one side to where the preacher had been standing.

"He was gone, but in what direction I could not guess for it was black darkness outside the rim of light

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of the fire. I was shocked dumb. Out there were wolves. A moment and the brutes would tear the poor chap to shreds. As I stood, stupefied by the disaster, I heard back in the forest the cackle and chatter of the maniac. I sprang into the darkness, tumbling over a she-wolf as I went, and in a few seconds was by the side of the man. He was too weak to carry his burst of speed far and sank fainting to the ground. The green eyes of the wolves watched me carry him in. I got a few swallows of brandy and warm tea down him and then tied him back into the sleigh. The wolves sent out a rallying cry and I had a busy night of it. They nearly raided the camp more than once. I kept the dogs close behind me, otherwise the gray devils would have picked them off."

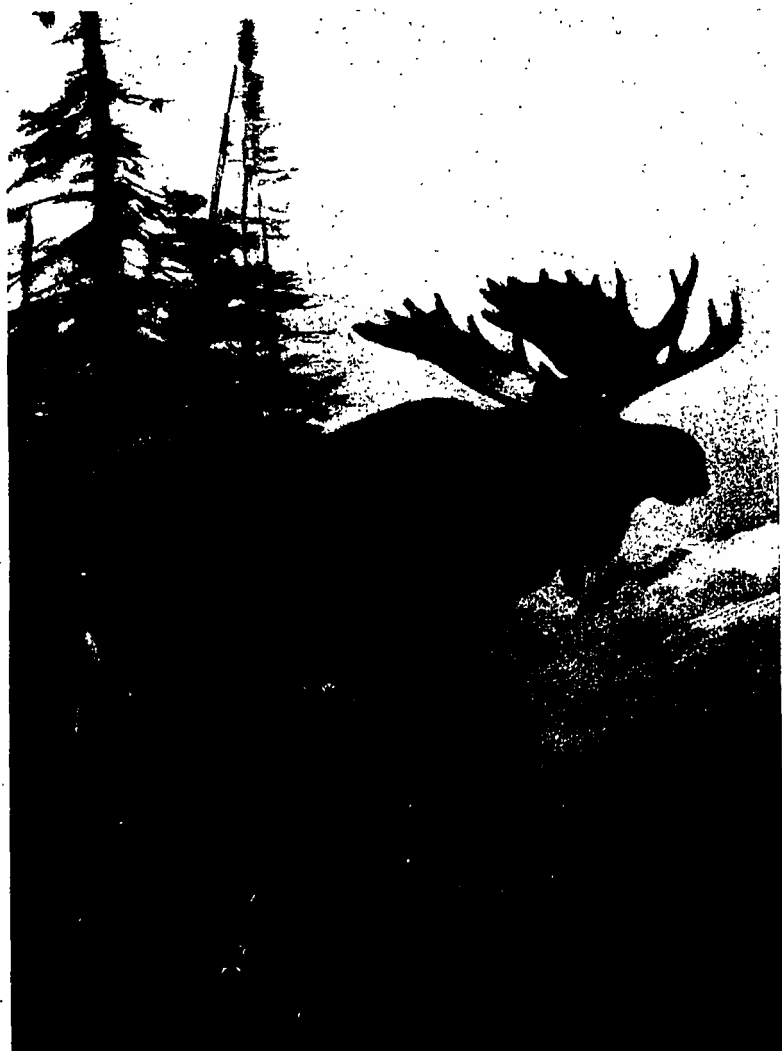
At Big Wee Chaume, Pedley secured a guide who took him over the winter trail to Lac La Biche. On this leg of the journey the insane man gave him a great deal of trouble. He would not eat, and when he was let out of the sleigh he waited until he was loosened up and warmed, and then the insanity would flame up and an attack would be made on the guide or the dogs. When this was checked he insisted on baring his feet to the cold. Ben's patience was all gone, only his pity and a keen sense of duty remained. The vigil he had been forced to make in the timber country still had to



By permission of the New York Zoological Society

YOUNG GRAY WOLF

These fellows were a great menace to settlers, and still make serious inroads upon cattle and sheep.



By permission of U. S. Biological Survey

Drawn by Carl Rungius

ALASKA MOOSE

The Alaska Moose is the largest of his tribe. Here, he is in a characteristic attitude.

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be kept although the presence of the guide relieved the situation somewhat.

At Lac La Biche a team of horses and sleigh were secured, and without further incident Constable Pedley delivered over to the surgeon at Fort Saskatchewan, the unfortunate evangelist. The poor physical wreckage, however, was intact. One foot had been frost bitten and in the subsequent adjustment one big toe was left behind. His lips and tongue had been paralyzed with the cold but these yielded to treatment soon.

Ben's report to Superintendent Grisbach was made after he had had three or four day's rest and food. It was a model of modest brevity such as a Royal Mounted is supposed to make. Ben wrote it out while he was waiting for the courage to ask that he be allowed to sleep a little longer in the mornings. He felt that he needed sleep and could use a lot of it. Maybe his head would be better then. It felt mighty bad at times now.

Grisbach called the officer before him and told him that his report was satisfactory. He commended Ben for a keen sense of duty and told him that he thought the feat of bringing in the crazed evangelist in the fashion he had, and with the results so evident, was the greatest piece of police work he had ever seen or

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known of. Ben wondered how long Grisbach had been crazy to tell him all this. In respectful attention he saluted, and incidentally called the Superintendent's attention to the fact that the green eyes were to be seen all over the Parade ground, even in the orderly room. He further remarked that as he was the King of Chipe-wayan, a law was to be enacted making the beam of moonlight heavy enough to bear the weight of the mother in the vinegar who had never been a faithful wife, and so on into a senseless babble.

Grisbach looked up startled, and as he scrutinized the face of the soldier, he sensed the departing sanity. He called an orderly and between them, out through the mess hall where the men assembled to eat, down the big corridor where many another wearied soldier had paced his way back to normality, and into the hospital ward marched the big soldier of the north. He had done what no man had ever done before, or since. He had established a record for courage, endurance and the honorable discharge of duty that will ever endure in the annals of the Royal Mounted.

Then he went in to pay the price of it all—insanity.

Snake-Stuff

I WAS reading an article not long ago and if I remember rightly it was a signed one, which appeared to off-set the old time belief that rattle-snakes would not cross a horse-hair lariat.

The article was illustrated with photographs showing the snakes actually crossing the ropes and no doubt there had been a careful and intelligent experiment undertaken. It impressed me greatly as I read the story and studied the illustrations. I wondered how many other Old-Timers would read the article, examine the pictures and then wake up to the fact that we had been loco'd most of our younger days, when we slept in the hair corral, thinking we were safe from the danger of diamond-backs and side-winders that used to heat us up on occasions.

I don't recall who wrote the story and of course I wouldn't know if I had remembered his name, but he had a right to belief for he had the pictures to prove his argument. They showed we were all crazy sure enough, thinking a horse-hair corral would keep out snakes. He is not the first easterner to tell we Old Timers how silly we were, and prove it on us, too. Just the same I think he was something of a tender-foot; one of those investigators out to refute a theory

SNAKE-STUFF

or dissipate a belief. The result of his findings won't make much difference now, but there have been times and conditions when a horse-hair lariat did count for some protection.

Men are not sleeping out as much as they used to. There are more snake-proof tents and fewer diamond-backs, by far, than there were twenty-five years ago.

The theory we Old Timers had, was that the hair-lariat circling the sleeper on the saddle blankets would effectually protect the man from the snake. This was based on our knowledge and that knowledge came from observation and first hand facts. It is to be granted without discussion that the average Old Timer of the desert or prairie was not well balanced in a lot of things mentally. If he had been he probably would not have been in the desert at all, but seeing that he was there, and to all observation, in his right mind, it possibly will be admitted that his God-given instinct alone might have guided and guarded and preserved his being. Providence had given the coyotes that much of a start in life, surely He would have offered the pioneers something.

To the average plainsman's sense of security, that circle of webbed horse-hair with its thousands of spears, daggers and thorns pointing in every direction, was the same to a snake, as a corral of thorn bushes and cactus

Snake-stuff

would be to a man or beast, and more. Examine a horse-hair rope under a reading glass, then pull it across the tender skin of your throat and tell us off-hand how far you would like to crawl on it. The glass will reveal a barrier as frightful to a snake as the worst thorn and cactus hedge could be to a man. Now take the trouble to examine the tissue of scales and skin of a snake's throat and belly, try to understand something of the mechanism of his locomotion and his sense of precaution, and the thought may be gleaned that the instinct and wisdom of the snake would halt him as he tried to cross the barrier. Any snake sliding over trouble like this is doing it in a hysteria of fear or the urge of a fright that is heedless of results.

I can understand the progress of the rattler across the lariat as shown in the picture. He had his rattlers in action, and his fangs, no doubt, were dripping serum. He was in the sunlight and wide awake. The chances are that he had been headed and herded into that position. Possibly he had been caught in a noose and dropped within the circle. He was nervous, desperate in that rage that is devilish because it is so helpless. What did a barrier of thorns mean to him then. Danger and enemies were all about him. He could hear them and see them. He had to escape. He was going somewhere, not drifting amiably and peacefully along.

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His head was high enough to enable him to miss the pricks, jabs and hurts of the hair-ends of the rope on his throat tissues, and he was pushing with his muscle bends and thrusting with the grips of his curves. He was traveling because he was angry, frightened by some danger he might not understand. He was not dreamily wandering in the moonlight as was his usual and natural progress in the night.

If there was no barrier in the course of these wanderings, however, the snake would slide on indefinitely.

What was in the mind of the Old Timer as he prepared his buckaroo sheet and sleeping bag for the night and ran a circle with his lariat as a guard about him while he slept? Did he think the snake, attracted by the man-scent, would come directly to attack him? Of course not. If an attack was meant, certainly a hair-rope would not protect him, but it would save him from any rattler moping and wandering aimlessly along. If there was no barrier it would not take the snake long to discover the soft blankets and the warmth from the sleeper's body, and therein lay the danger. A restless sleeper or the menace of a sudden awakening brought death too often to unprotected men from snake bites. More than one desert rat has awakened with a weight on his chest, to look in the face of a rattlesnake coiled on his body. I knew a prospector in

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the Sierra Nevadas who found himself so effectively pinned that it took him half an hour to escape. Luckily he had drawn the blankets up around his throat some time in the night. That gave him the only chance he had. Carefully he made his preparations to escape. He knew that any move he might make that would disturb or dislodge the snake would be met by a strike that would surely land in his face. The cold sweat of fear and tension ran into his eyes to smart and blind them. At times he felt the horrible hypnotism in the lidless staring eyes of the reptile. He wondered where the fangs would hit and was fearful that the poundings of his heart would disturb the thing into an attack. He just had to keep his wits and his nerve. Gradually he worked his hands to the edge of the blanket on either side of him so that when he tightened it in an outward and upward pull the webbing would protect his face. It did! As he pulled, he scrambled to a sitting position, but at the first jerk he made the snake struck. The fangs met and tangled in the blanket, less than a foot from his face.

That was an experience, only typical, that the Old Timers were trying to save themselves from. After nearly twenty years on the open range I have never known of a death from the strike of a rattler where the hair corral has been used.

SNAKE-STUFF

In September, 1906, Jerry McLeod and I were tramping through the Sierra Nevadas north of the Truckee river. We had our dunnage on two pack horses and carried two hair-lariats for protection against rattle snakes. We were in a diamond-back country and realized the need of precaution. The night in question was as beautiful and mystic as a full moon on the desert will reveal. Objects 100 feet distant were easily discernible from our camp-pitch. The little supper-fire we had needed died out quickly, and the cool of the mountain night was comforting and refreshing after the long hot day. McLeod and I sat talking in the moonlight for a long time before we turned in. Our lariats were ample to make a considerable space between our beds and the boundary of our protection.

I do not know how long I had been asleep but I was wakened from a sound slumber instantly alert. Peering eagerly about I saw over my shoulder a large rattler slowly approaching the lariat. I nudged McLeod into wakefulness, and after he had somewhat recovered from the shock of fear, we watched the snake breathlessly. He slid on the rope and as quickly backed off again. Then he tested it along for some distance, searching for a gap. While he was engaged in this he was joined by another and smaller rattler, presumably the mate. The newcomer slid into the prickly punish-

SNAKE-STUFF

ing barrier and as quickly withdrew. There were no further attempts or tests on her part. Turning away to the left and a trifle off the dead level of the ground, she leisurely moved away. The big snake, as he moved round the rope seeking a place to get through, began to show irritation. His body muscles writhed and whipped his wicked head, but having no visible enemy he withheld his alarming rattles. However his temper did not exceed his caution. Once he lifted his head across the rope, possibly a foot. When he laid it down to shift closer the punishment checked him. At last he gave it up. He paralleled the rope for his own length and then turned off to follow the trail his mate had made. Off-hand, I will venture the statement that fifty Old Timers can duplicate this experience.

I am quite ready to believe, however, that if either of these snakes out in the sunlight with a couple of cameras shooting, and two or three wise investigators looking on and alarming them into a hysteria of rage and fear, had met up with one or a dozen lariats lying across the path of their escape, they would never have been noticed any more than a long-horn steer would bother about a cactus stand when he was on a stampede.

The camera, the photographs, and the investigators mean nothing further than is implied in the old axiom

SNAKE-STUFF

that is ever relative to the life of the wild. Whether it be a snake, a bear, a wolf, or a wild goose, their behavior will depend entirely on conditions. On that same trip out McLeod came across a diamond-back asleep on the shoulder of a huge rock and noosed him with a buckskin pack-lace. Then he laid him on the hot sand, stretched him out, and when the snake lay quiet, Mac picked him up with a hand-grip around the neck and brought him over to show me. As the snake revived from the choking he wound his body around Mac's forearm and began to pull his head out of the man's hand. He would have succeeded, for his muscles were stout enough to have tired any finger muscles, but luckily I was there with the pack-lace. I worked this around the head of the squirming reptile, and began to tighten. Soon the coils began to relax and as they did the blood started back into the face of the foolish Scotchman.

In spite of photographs and other proof, one Old Timer still believes in the horse-hair lariat.

SITTING BULL AND CROWFOOT

THE spring of 1878 found Sitting Bull with much of his plumage as a king-bird dishevelled, and some of his tail feathers rudely plucked. Life on the Canadian plains under the watchful but respectful surveillance of the Royal Mounted was restricted. His blustering meant little to them and what was hardest of all for him to bear was the fact that he was regarded as much of a bluff and a joke. They gave continual heed to others of his council fire. Broadtail and Three Moons were especially recognized in little friendly acts by the police and were given to understand that Sitting Bull had not lived up to his reputation as being wise, shrewd and brave. However, while this seeming indifference on the part of the men within the fort at Walsh was apparent, there was no relaxing of the vigilance imposed upon Many Feathers and the Bull himself.

Many Feathers was much of a "yes" man. He was without doubt indebted to Sitting Bull in many respects, perhaps sufficient to make him a tool of the Old Medicine man. Many Feathers was wise enough to see that the power of the Bull over his people was dribbling away and that he would soon be without the following he once had. Without doubt he was wise enough to understand that the time was bound to come when

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both his tribe of Nez Pierces and the Uncapapas Sioux of Broadtail would be returned to the Dakota Reservation. He knew that the United States government was already negotiating for the return of the Indians. The police had made it their business to keep him so informed, and he yielded to the argument that the tribes who accepted the first overtures of peace would most likely be the favored ones in a final settlement. He knew that the police would never stand for the sort of discussions taking place about the Council fires in which Sitting Bull held the position of sole arbiter. He felt possibly, that a little strategy might not only improve his own position, but send the Bull a little farther down in the scale of disapproval of the Canadian authorities. At the Council fire on one occasion, he hinted that if an alliance was made with Crowfoot, chief of the Blackfeet, the whites, police and all could easily be wiped out, and the plainesland would be the red man's once more. It was a purely visionary idea at best but Sitting Bull absorbed it. Greedy, revengeful and tactless in his measures, he swallowed the bait and was hooked. Sitting Bull had determined that no one else should have a trace of credit for the move. The selfish old rascal summoned four of his ablest men and dispatched them to Crowfoot, who, at that time could muster 3,000 fighting men and 4,000 horses.



SITTING BULL AND CROWFOOT

"Take this pipe to Crowfoot, Chief of Blackfeet. It is a pipe of peace, that war may never come between his people and my people. Carry the word that Sitting Bull is ready, if Crowfoot will join him, to make war on the whites and the Scarlet Riders; to clear the Pale Faces from off the land that has ever belonged to the Red Men. He will move his camp to the Saskatchewan and make ready to meet Crowfoot at Medicine Hat. Then both Crowfoot and Sitting Bull will smoke again the pipe. Tell him to light the signal fires at the end of the day in the dark of the moon that the Sioux may know the meaning. It is well. I have spoken." In the night the men stole out of the camp and before dawn had reached the light buffalo-grass country that surrounds Medicine Hat. The next day they reached the camp of Crowfoot and entered it boldly. The welcome they received was not at all what they had expected. Crowfoot took the pipe and heard the message from Sitting Bull in silence. After a moment's thought he began to call to his counsellors.

"Red Beaver, come to the Council Fire. Crop-Ears, Lame-man, Calf-that-runs, Gray Cloud, come now to hear the words of Crowfoot as he speaks to the men of the Sioux."

In a moment the great camp was alive with Indians hurrying to the place of Council. Then it was that

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Crowfoot delivered his great oration, possibly the most splendid extemporaneous address ever delivered at a Council Fire, for Crowfoot was the most profound of all the Indian orators. The noble-minded old Chieftain closed his address in about the following words:

"Men of the Sioux and Uncapapas, take this pipe back to your Medicine Man, Sitting Bull. See, I have emptied his tobacco in the dust and will grind it with my heel, and now I fill it with the chips of the buffalo, that the Bull may know that he cannot make terms for either peace or war with me. The Blackfeet will never make war on the whites. The Scarlet Riders are our friends now, and ever will be. See now, men of the Sioux, I will send runners to SAMI-AX-ATAXEN (Colonel McLeod) to tell him I will bring my men and horses that we may make war on the Sioux and drive them back to their own country. I have given my word, and I will keep it. The Blackfeet will be friends with the whites so long as the sun shines and the river runs."

This decision was a crushing blow to Sitting Bull. It took him a month to recover himself and in the meantime word was brought into the camp that the police at Wood Mountain were adding to their stores of ammunition. This was welcome news to the Bull, and he quickly decided that this was his chance to

SITTING BULL AND CROWFOOT

secure what he greatly needed. With 1,200 men he presented himself at that little stockade fort and demanded that he be furnished with sufficient rifles and cartridges for his present needs. Inspector McDonnell met him at the gates and assured him that he had no idea of handing out any supplies.

Sitting Bull dismounted from his pony and walked over to where McDonnell was standing and in a threatening voice thundered forth:

"I ask you once more to give me rifles for my men and cartridges that they may hunt for the food my people need."

Quietly McDonnell replied: "My stores are not for Indians who wander off their reserve. Go back to your own country and you will have food supplied to you."

"This is my country as long as I want to stay here," was the impudent reply.

"You will stay here just as long as you behave and no longer."

For a moment the two men glared into each other's eyes, and then the Bull continued: "I have asked you for ammunition, and you have refused. What I want, I will take. I am Sitting Bull of the Sioux. I have spoken."

Then came McDonnell's historical retort: "I am Inspector McDonnell of the Royal Northwest Mounted

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Police, and I am telling you to go to the devil, and I have spoken."

McDonnell had ten men behind him in the fort but these ten were ready for any emergency. The odds were 1,000 to 1 but they were always facing such percentages and this occasion and situation, while hazardous and uncertain, did not phase them greatly.

Sitting Bull withdrew his men a short distance while they parleyed and puzzled over a course of action. These Police were like the others the Sioux had met. They were not susceptible to a bluff, but as bluffing made up Sitting Bull's bag of tricks on Canadian soil, he tried it once more. With a hundred picked warriors he again approached the stockade, this time to meet with a surprise. As he drew near, the gates were opened, while Inspector McDonnell and Sergeant Drew, unarmed, awaited at the doors of the storehouse.

"I will take what I need of your stores, Scarlet Riders." Sitting Bull stamped his feet in his peculiar emphatic way, much like a peevish child, possibly to impress his determination upon the waiting men.

"Well, come and get them," was the quiet suggestion.

Quickly, the Indians, led by the old troublemaker, hurried to the gates of the stockade and through them

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to seize the stores they had come for. Once inside, however, they paused. All about them, pointing through the peep-holes of the buildings were dozens of rifles. There was but one man to every dozen rifles, but to the invading Sioux it was a dire threat. To make it worse the stockade gates began to close behind them. They were caught like rats in a trap. Once they realized this—the scramble began. The gates, manipulated from within, left sufficient room for the Indians to escape one at a time, and in their panic many were bruised and trampled. To Sitting Bull's credit it must be said that he ran true to the Indian's conception of a leader. "The first to battle, and the last to retreat."

As he hurried through, Sergeant Drew was on hand to bid him god-speed with the toe of his heavy police-boot, a gesture of disdain that the old man never thoroughly understood or appreciated.

Sitting Bull was losing out in every contact he had with the Royal Mounted, and it was beginning to wear on his nerves.

His pride was being shattered by a series of setbacks that had in them all of the elements that discourage and dishearten. The old outlaw was finding it hard to conform to the simple rules that establish law and order. He was not a good man within his soul. His ambition fostered tyranny, and tyranny leads down

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a long, dangerous trail. At the end of the road is the judgment of the wild, the laws of reprisal.

"What we sow, we shall also reap."

This episode in the career of Sitting Bull helps to establish the claim his critics and historians have made regarding the cowardice of the Medicine Man. He was mostly bluff, and because the Royal Mounted did not hesitate to call it, they ruled and regulated him easily. His later venture into evangelism in which he tried to enthuse the younger Sioux into a doctrine of worship by new and "inspired prophecies," stamped him as an opportunist, with little sense and no reason.

This latest effort to induce control was his last, and the Messiah craze died with him.

KOOTENAI TAKES THE FIRE-TEST

THE young Indian is a bluff. He thinks in terms of groups in his attack. Find him alone on the prairie and offer him a fight and he will stampede like a jack-rabbit.

It was never so recorded in the blue books of the police, but many an Indian threat or a rebellion that might have ended in a tragedy has been spoiled by a swift hard poke in the jaw handed in by a Royal Mounted who knew Indians. To man-handle a red man, and make him ridiculous, will break his spirit for all time. A dozen incidents within my knowledge that were never considered worth while reporting by the police might be mentioned.

Generally speaking, however, the young men start all the troubles. Young Indians are smarties and show-offs, and in my short experience in civilization, I have learned that this characteristic prevails even here.

Kootenai Brown was scouting and guiding a party of engineers journeying west from Fort Benton in the summer of '91, under a small cavalry escort, to make a permanent camp on the Snake River.

In his home in the Waterton Park, years ago, he told me this story. "I was hunting that afternoon," said the old scout, "getting sufficient antelope and

KOOTENAI TAKES THE FIRE-TEST

yearling buffalo to supply us. I left a small standard with a tiny white flag on my kill so that the party would locate and care for it when they came along."

I had seen three or four small bands of Sioux during the day but as they had no rifles I did not pay any great attention to them. I had forded the Yellow Beaver river twice to save time. At the last fording I had ridden up on the bench-land to plant a stripped willow wand to indicate an easy and safe fording for the freighters following. The afternoon was hot and as I returned to the river I thought of a wash and a swim. In a moment I had picketed my horse and was stripping. Just as I was ready to plunge into the stream I saw a dozen or more young bucks doubling around a clump of brush and riding hard for me. Before I could reach my horse they had surrounded me and dragged me out on a low bench of the prairie, close to some balm of Gilead trees.

I knew several of these young devils by sight. I had seen them often about the Council fires when we had been discussing treaty, and one or two I knew by name. Three months before I had sat at the fire of the Gray Crane family, telling the old people who crowded around, of Sitting Bull and West Waters, who had fled to Canada, and of the blessing of peace

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with the whites. Two of these young rascals were "Gray Crane's" sons.

I pointed them out. "You are the sons of Gray Crane. What are you trying to do to me?"

The older one answered; "I am Bull Ears, son of Gray Crane."

"I am Weasel Head, son of Gray Crane," boasted the other, "and we dance again the war dance and the rain dance." Bull Ears interpolated to warn me that they would make the scalp dance, and when they did I would be an interested and involved spectator.

I shook them loose and asked for my clothes. "Give them to me. I am a white man and wear my clothes, even when the sun is high."

They had no intention of doing anything of the kind, however. My clothes and outfit were to be gambled for and when they were so minded they would give me the fire-test. My remaining hours would depend on how far they were from camp and how hungry they were. I had once chance, and only one, the coming of the wagons and escort. The soldiers might be scouting, and if they were, a sight of them would be sufficient to stampede this bunch of young "smarties." They were only playing out a secret revenge, but their mentalities had not been developed beyond the excitement stimulated by the agony of the

KOOTENAI TAKES THE FIRE-TEST

torture. They were of the type that would treasure the scalping knife and the trophies of the kill.

Hurriedly they gathered the dry willow brush, plentiful in the river bottom. A stake would not answer, for they could not sink it deep enough, so they piled their fire-wood at the base of a Balm tree and then cleared the ground about it for the dance. They had no tom-toms with them but they all could chant in the rhythm of the stamping. This, and the nasty slurs against all whites, made them texts to whine about. Young Bull Ears came close to where I was standing, guarded by three larger youths, tall, muscular lads, any one of whom could have been my master in a struggle, looked in my eyes with a sneering taunt, and then spat at me.

I jumped for him and struck with all my might for his face. As he went down with the force of my blow I determined that if I was to die he would go with me. I set my fingers in his throat and ripped as I had seen the wolves tear at the throats of the ponies. These knife wounds on my shoulders were made at that time. They could have cut me to pieces, the red bullies, but they had another death for me, the stake and the fire. They tore me from my victim and hurried me to the tree, where they tied me fast with rawhide strips. Their knives had not touched a vital spot but the blood

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was running down my back and legs in streams. I was not to be allowed to bleed to death. That would spoil the test, so they rubbed dry soil into the wounds and checked the bleeding. Now the test. I wondered how long I would live. I thought of the wagons, the engineers and the soldiers. If only they would come. I wanted so to live but I had absorbed enough of the Indian belief in immortality so that I was not afraid to die.

The young devils began to dance. They were working themselves into a frenzy of rage and hysteria. In desperation I tugged at the bindings but they held. I tried to kick myself loose but only succeeded in cutting my ankles raw.

I threw up my head in rage and screamed at the top of my voice. That effort of helpless fear and despair was to these young brutes but the sparkle in the wine of their carouse. The victim would soon be ready for the test. The flint, the fire twist, and the dried buffalo chips were ready.

A new torture conceived in the hellish brain of one of the devils came now. He had sharpened one end of a dried willow wand, had frayed the other so that it would light easily. Then he walked up and deliberately stabbed me in the breast with it, leaving it sticking there. It was a wonderful result, and five more

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splinters were stabbed into my flesh. I was sobbing and screaming with the pain and horror of the torture, and praying that I might soon die. Suddenly, far up on the sky-line above the river bottom I spied two soldiers.

"The soldiers, the soldiers," I cried. "Help, help." Then I called again in the Sioux language, but there was no need to inform my torturers of the presence of my relief. The soldiers had not located my cries at first, but continued their ride westward. The Indians scampered for their horses, all save one. Bull Ears deliberately picked up the smouldering buffalo chip, fanned it into a flame, and set it in the midst of the brush about my feet.

It was the flame that attracted the attention of the soldiers. I was screaming and struggling in my efforts to escape the flames which already were scorching and blistering my flesh, when the men rode down at top speed to my rescue.

In an instant the fire at my feet was kicked in all directions, and while one of the men gave me his attention, the other followed the stampeding Indians. Later we heard a couple of rifle shots and soon the soldier came back to aid in making me fit to travel.

As soon as I could sit on my horse we started.

It was some satisfaction to look later into the dead faces of Bull Ears and Jumping Weasel, the two young

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Indians who for some unknown reason, had instigated the torture. The keen-eyed trooper had shot them both to death.

Kootenai rolled off the couch from which he had been speaking, walked over to the shelf handy by and took down his bible. Then after a moment's search he read to me. . . . "For Thou hast delivered my soul from death, I will not be afraid what man can do unto me."

CORPORAL HAYES IN THE CROWS NEST PASS

THIS story is dated back to the time long before "Smoky" Jack Hayes ran the test of fire on that long patrol he made around the Big Timber.

It was long before Pere Lacombe went into Pincher Creek to sit quietly down with Father Duboi and Brother Pat and rest a little before the long journey into the Land of the Hereafter.

It was in the early fall after Herkimer had called Jack in from the Red Deer Range and told him to get ready to go to Fort McLeod and help Routledge in the patrol of the Crows Nest. The engineers were running the right-of-way of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Pass and already the road builders were at work on their camps, making all complete for the crews of blasters, shovellers, and tie-men who were to follow shortly. Up on the British Columbia end, the rough hands had graded east past Fernie and Tom Graham had built a big camp on Beaver Bend where the Old Man River starts its white-water run down the eastern side of the Great Divide.

Jack was a corporal at the time. His promotion had been a natural one, earned on merit and held with honor. His senior officers smiled as they observed his

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peculiarities and shrugged their shoulders when some of the early homesteaders sent in reports of Jack's ready flow of language that had checked their foolish ventures and absurd moves. So when Routledge from McLeod asked help from Herkimer, the latter picked Jack out for the task of patrolling the troubled territory.

In the orderly room, Herkimer was a stickler for discipline. He was a soldier and an officer then. Outside, on the parade ground in the evening after the sunset gun had been fired and the flag had been lowered, he would be the quiet democratic soul that had endeared him to his men.

"Corporal Hayes," he ordered from his desk, "make ready to leave this detachment within three days. You are transferred to Fort McLeod; Inspector Routledge commanding, for duties as assigned." Then both men standing, the formal salute was passed.

"Hayes, come over to the gallery this evening at 8:45 for a little chat," he continued, "there are a few things I want to say to you."

On the split second of 8:45, Corporal Hayes walked up the gallery steps and seated himself beside his commander.

"Jack, you are getting your chance again. Routledge is heading you into a tough spot but I believe you can handle it. Keep your head. Keep your mouth

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shut. You know your duty; do it. You will be closer to death—and honorable promotion in the next two years than you can now realize. Be a man; be a soldier. Your King and your officers expect it of you."

In the orderly room at McLeod, Jack found another soldier. Routledge had won up from the ranks. He knew the country and knew its dangers and rewards. He knew his duty and expected his men to know theirs. There had been no patrol too long or hard or hazardous for him in the other days and what he had done, he expected his men to do.

"Corporal Hayes, you are assigned to the Crows' Nest Patrol. You will have four men. They are there now. You will leave on the midnight express. Your horses will follow at once. A great many complaints have come in from the people of the Pass in the Construction District about the men in Graham's camp. Make it your business to clear that up. Use small patrols. Fight if you have to, but break up the gang."

Father Lacombe, the mission priest welcomed him.

"Good. How you do. Dey sen' you here. Tha's good too, Jack Hayes. You been to mass often, eh, Jack. Dat good boy. Dey need de strong hand on many dese bad men. You go see Graham. I tell you more soon."

But Jack did not go to see Graham.

"Private Irwin, go up to Graham's place and bring

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him here at once." In a few moments the resort proprietor was in the cabin.

"Graham, what sort of a pest-house are you running here? I know where your liquor comes from and that can be stopped, but this rough-house; this drinking and fighting; these drunken dagoes, and knife-men. This has to stop. They've sent me here to clean this mess up and I am going to work soon. Shut that bar of yours at 11 o'clock tonight. That is all."

There was something in Jack's eye that convinced Graham there was little need of reply. A large group had assembled to greet his return. The peremptory orders from the new Corporal to Graham was marking the beginning of a police rule in the Pass that was to mean something.

Graham gave little heed to the crowd of idlers that met him as he approached his hotel but rudely shouldered his way through to the entrance of the long room used for a bar.

"Where's Louie?" he asked of the bar-man.

"Upstairs, asleep," was the answer.

"Go wake him." The order was unmistakable.

Very shortly Labeau, the big Frenchman who acted as an assistant manager of the resort, but who in reality was the official strong-arm and bouncer, appeared, sleepily rubbing his eyes and grumbling at having his

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rest broken. Labeau had been known for years as the most dangerous, rough and terrible fighter in the construction camps. He had graduated from the river and logging camps where nothing in punishment for an adversary was barred. In his braggart orations, he continually dwelt on the manner of his cruel encounters.

"When I mak de track wif river boats and Hu'son Bay barges on de Arth'baska, I beet trio men all same tam. Dat beeg battle I tell you. I leek 'em too. I stamp one man nose wif my heel. Heem finish. Anoder; I spin his eye out for keeps wif my t'umb. De las man, it a hard feet dat he mak; I chew his ear loose. Louie Labeau, champeen d' Arth'baska, an' Crows Nest too."

"Louie," said Graham, as the Frenchman swallowed the drink that had been proffered, "I have just come back from the police barracks. They have a new man there and he had plenty to say to me. Hold things down quiet for a little time. Then just before pay day, pick a quarrel with the Mountie, and beat him up. You know—make it a hospital job. You can go over into Spokane until the trouble clears up. I'll beat the expense somehow."

Two days after, Father Lacombe called on Corporal Hayes. "Jack, dese bad men dey try make you lots trouble. I get de word about it as I talk a leetle bit around. De beeg bully Louie Labeau, he goin' peek a

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quarrel wif you some day, maybe before pay day, when de crowd in for de beeg ruckkus an' drink. Doan you patrol no more alone."

But Jack kept travelling alone and the more evidence he gave of his courage and strength, the more uncertain became Louie Labeau of the wisdom of his undertaking.

Two days before the semi-monthly pay day, Jack's night patrol—a splendid young chap, was returning from the post office in the semi-darkness of a shadowy evening when he was struck down from behind by a rock hurled through an alleyway.

Jack had the lad sent to the company's hospital, buckled on his side arms and went out. On his way up to Graham's he stopped in to tell Father Lacombe of the opening of hostilities. The old priest hurried away to the bedside of the stricken soldier, to pray, and offer if necessary, the last rites, and Jack went on to the edges of the battle.

"Graham," he met the man at the door of the resort. "Who hit Private Arnold with a rock from behind that old shop across there?"

"How should I know, Corporal. Find out who hit him. That's your business. Don't you know enough to mind your own business?"

The taunt was sufficient to inflame the spirit of the

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soldier, but he remembered Inspector Herkimer's warning: "Keep your head." This was one place where he would have to think before acting or speaking. Hayes walked closer to Graham, and lowered his voice.

"Graham, I am holding you and Louie Labeau responsible. You come and give me the information before this time tomorrow or I will arrest both of you."

"You arrest me and Louie Labeau! That is a laugh. You can take me any time. I am an old man but you couldn't put a hand on Louie and you know it. Wire down for help."

"I won't need help. You get ready to leave here for McLeod on the four o'clock train, Graham, and you won't be back soon. Tell that jumping pea-soup he's travelling too."

I always have liked Father Lacombe's story of the big fight. The old missionary made a sermon of it.

"I was standin' at de mission door when I see Hayes and one patrol go up to Graham's an' poosh into de bar. Den I run hard an' get there soon."

"Smash, smash, crackety smash, I hear them inside and den the men all yell and curse so much. No need for me to go in. Soon out dey all rush, de patrol he bring Graham and Labeau, he running an' striking at Jack an' Jack he running away. I could not compren' jus' off but soon I knew. He want to get Labeau in

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de open. Now den dey on de wide grassy groun', an' Jack he stop de run, and turn and smash dat Frenchie smack on de mouth. Down go de bully, roll over, an grab for de legs, reach 'em an' Jack go down. Den dey rassel hard, de beeg bully he try to bite and gouge, but Jack too strong. Soon he jump up and make to kick Jack in de face, but dat no good for up jump de soldier an lam, smash, smash, lam, right on de eyes and jaw of de French bully. Bam, bam, bam, black eyes and a red drooly mouth, all slobber an smears. De Frenchie back off to keek; dat wicked keek that maim an' spoil man, dat keek once planted stops all fights. I see it coming for I have seen the French bullys fight before, and I scream, 'Jack, Jack, de beeg keek de Savate, he comin' with it.' De soldier he see it come, and jump back, den he catch de bully heel an throw him on his back, clunk.

"I laff now, for Louie Labeau de beeg bad bully, he being to get a lickin. I do not try to make peace, now. When de men dey taunt de bully. I smile an clap my hans. Hayes, he say, 'Get on your pins, you pea-soup, and fight. Try to keek me again, an' I'll club you.' Again with a roar of rage, Labeau rush and grab Hayes by the shoulder, but de soldier, drop down behin' and trow de Frenchie over his head. Twice again he smash hees fist into Labeau's face till de eyes mos' closed. De

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rage dyin' down, an' I laff in hees face again. An' me a priest of God, an' laff at a fight. It was good to laff. A young David was fightin' again for his King.

"De beeg Labeau, he all done now. He fight half-an-hour. Jack Hayes he fight all day, clothes all torn, face red and blue, but de light-up in he eyes? Dey shine like sun, den he narrow dem down an rush again.

"De beeg Labeau, he beatin: He cry soon. You hurt him dem las too pastes in de eyes. Bad man's Jack to slap Louie Labeau so hard. Beeg nasty bully. He troo now. Hear him tell Jack Hayes. His hands at his side.

"You leek me Jack Hayes. You better man."

"Why do I laff, me, Pere Lacombe, Priest of the Oblates, Priest of God, I laff with joy.

"Now we have a clean parish once more.

"All de bad man's rule is broken. No much whiskey; no swears, no loose badness.

"All well now. De law triumph, and Jack, he fight de good fight wif all his might. What a man."

The old priest clasped his crucifix to his breast and dropping his head he began with his rosary.

THE BUGLER AT BIG TIMBER

IT is a strange slant in the nature of a man that impels him to forsake home, friends, the comforts, joys and privileges of the wonderful civilization of the east, and to journey out west to the isolation, privation, and solitude of the open spaces of prairie, plains and mountains. Hermits, outlanders, lonely souls, living often an existence that is not real living and but little removed in standard above the animals about them. Why they go at all is a mystery. Why they stay out there alone, why they choose to live as they do, and what their lines of reasoning are, is beyond any man's comprehension. They are not insane and yet their oddities and peculiarities puzzle. Most of them I have known had sufficient means to warrant their living in affluence in any normal degree of social standards. Of those I met personally, three at least were educated, talented gentlemen, men who had flung themselves out of life, mental suicides.

One was a scion of the British aristocracy, who, on the death of his father came out of his isolation to take the rank of a lord of the realm of Great Britain. For ten years this man had lived in conditions that would have shocked the sensibilities of a Piegan Indian and that is the most fitting comparison I can think of.

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During these years this man had existed in a dug-out burrowed from the side of a cut-bank. The front was boarded up with rough lumber and a 16 x 16 single window afforded him light. He ran no cattle, broke no prairie and indulged himself in not the smallest effort of legitimate occupation. He read considerably but he had few books and only about twice a year the mail and current literature reached him. He had no neighbors and wanted no closer friends than the great wolf hounds that gave him protection.

No one could guess why a man like Andy More, as he was known, could be content to live the way he did, but we all had enough theories and suggestions to warrant a belief in our own wisdom. We knew him to be a remittance man, but the amount of his yearly check was another problem we had to face, and Andy kept us guessing. The I-Told-You-So Club had a large membership when the police went in to bring him out as a Lord of the Isles. After he had been disinfected, de-whiskered, de-loused, and dressed in some of Lon Levy's haberdashery, he looked somewhat civilized but he broke our hearts when he went back home without a hair cut. That was a reflection on the west.

In the summer of 1901, I was scouting through the Coer d' Alene Mountains of Idaho trying to find a man by the name of Parsons. His family in Cleveland,

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Ohio, were trying to settle an estate but were unable to do so until this man had been located or his death proven. He was in no sense a criminal and was not supposed to be hiding out. He was just one of those isolated souls who wander and journey and live alone like the desert rats of Nevada. At St. Marie on the Shadowy St. Joe River, I learned that he came in for his mail from the heavy timber up in the mountains somewhere about twice a year. It took a lot of hunting to find him but eventually I did.

For the glory of American breeding and the ideals of American rearing and training, let me say that Parsons, while distinctly a hermit, was most happily outfitted. He was clean and neat and had a good log shack and provisions to last him for months. He did not read, never hunted, although the mountains and big timber were full of game and never trapped although the rats and beavers were all about him.

When I gave him my message he seemed surprised and annoyed. When I asked him how he put in his time out there, alone for weeks and months at a stretch, he offered me this to chew on, "Well, there is generally lots to think about." Can you beat it? I saw to it that he came out and the authorities in St. Marie receipted for him. That is how I made sure of my money. I had

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the idea that a thinker of that magnitude might forget the little details of an ordinary business reward.

Big Timber Hills is a great outcropping of rock that bursts from the level prairie of the Sullivan Lake Range of Western Saskatchewan. There in the old days of thirty years ago, a great band of wild horses ran free.

In the early spring of 1902, I led a small group of horsemen into the hills from which point we prepared to make sallies out on the big herd of horses. We had a rendezvous with some riders from Montana coming for the same purpose and reached our camp after a hard ride just before dusk. There were four of us white riders and four breeds herding spare saddle and pack horses.

The supper was over early. The saddle horses picketed out, the extras on the bell—mare, and the men gathered about the fire to smoke and rest. The breeze had died down and the stillness of the open spaces had begun to creep into the souls of the quiet men, when from out of the darkness came the loud clear notes of a cornet or a bugle. The echoes caught up the sounds and carried them from cliff to cliff until the whole area responded. No one dreamed that a human was within fifty miles of us. The breeds turned gray and some of the Christians crossed themselves in nervous fear. It

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was weird, uncanny, sufficient to give a thrill intense and emphatic.

We thought of the Wetigo; those mysterious calls that come at times from the spirit land, and we wondered if any of the mighty hosts of those passed on could be greeting or warning us. While we were musing and questioning among ourselves the bugler or cornetist began to play once more. After a few preliminary runs he broke into harmony. With the echoes playing back, it was as if a group of trumpeters were sounding a fanfare of royal announcement. The men did not smoke but sat holding their pipes in silence and awe. For half an hour the musician played the songs and melodies of long ago; songs we had heard our mothers' sing; songs we as boys had lilted to our sweethearts in the older and kinder days. At the last, like a lonesome soul crying aloud in sobbing refrain, the cornetist began to play "Home Sweet Home." This old and beautiful song, full of love and memory is usually barred from camp fires in the north. We want to forget for the time being, not because we choose to obliterate from our minds all thoughts of home, but out yonder in the great isolation it is a dangerous theme. Men grow panicky, unnerved, lonesome and homesick. In the face of the inevitable, this is a serious condition of mind.

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In this case, however, there was nothing we could do about it. As the musician played on, my white companions joined me in what the breeds beside us considered an emphatic sign of weakness. The tears ran unrestrained down our cheeks. We all were easterners and as memory carried us back yonder, our souls cried out for one more contact with the loved ones left behind.

This was the closing number on the program. The silence of the night shut in around us as quietly we crept into our sleeping bags to live again with our thoughts.

Next morning we hunted up the musician. He was hidden back in the side of a canyon in a dug out enclosed in the crudest fashion, but with Teutonic efficiency he had made himself thoroughly comfortable. He was an old German who had been at one time a band master and orchestra leader in Buffalo, N. Y. At first we were not entirely welcome. We persisted in being friendly and gradually his reserve and shyness were broken down and he made us welcome, emerging from his isolation to the status of good fellowship.

He had been in the hills seven years and he had ventured into contact with his fellow men on only two occasions. He had the mail and his provisions brought to the mouth of the canyon twice a year by

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some ranchers down below Medicine Hat. Other than this he was as far from association with mortals as he would be on a desert isle of the Pacific.

In the early days his personality must have been an attractive one. He showed us some old medals and with a shy sort of pride, donned an old time uniform that in the other days must have been a brave and impressive one.

From the era of his most useful days he dated the story of his peculiar transition. To us his past seven years seemed but the contortions of a brain surcharged with jealousy. A thwarted love or a broken trust—something of that nature had happened and to escape from it all, he fled into the open spaces of the wild, hoping for freedom, that was relief in no sense of the word.

HOW THE WILD FOLK DIE

THE chain of destruction runs through the wild life in a somewhat varied fashion. The innocents die from the causes most natural to themselves and their tenure of life is continually at the disposal of killers. The grazers die mostly as game at the will and ability of sportsmen. The natural killers of the outland, in the deep woods, on the open prairies, take their toll of the innocents, and it is a large one, but in the domain of sport, they die instantly from the bullets, buck and bird shot of the hunters. The grazers are not all innocents. The stag elk for example is in a class by himself. The moose is generally a timid soul but on occasion he breaks out into a spleen and will fight in jealous rage as long as life remains in his body. The caribou has a disposition that might be improved upon but his fights are generally mere bluffs. In the buffalo herds, the bulls range in the manner of strength and ferocity. There is always a king in the herd but the time will come when his throne will be usurped. His declining years are ever filled with attempts on his life. Inevitable as the seasons, his days will be numbered. Youth will be served and another will take his place.

The stag elk is a killer. He is a victim of the universal law of reprisal. From the time he was a little wabbly

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legged fawn beginning to sprout his horns, he has been an intolerant.

As a yearling he has developed all the conceit of an aspiring lover. Jealousy and rivalry cloud his intellect and he gathers about him a harem of sweethearts. After that time he is ever at war. He kills when he can but at any rate he is ever battling. So he lives on at war with his own until the time comes when nature makes demands on his strength and vitality. He has never eaten his fill like the does about him. He has never kept his nose in the grass when the bott fly is about and so he is more liable to the attack of the deadly insect. Possibly while he has been on a crag bellowing out a challenge to rivals, a bott has dropped a few eggs in his nostril. In a month or so his whole system is impregnated with the virus and he dies ignominiously, a victim to his lust and jealousy.

If he escapes this mean death and lives on past the six years of his maturity, he is sure to meet a challenger to give him battle to death. All through the elk country of Jackson's Hole and the Teton range one may learn of another form of death, terrible, distracting, devilish in its results—the locked antlers of the fighters. They have fought and ripped, rushed and struggled until at last the antlers lock and there is no breaking away. They have pushed and twisted, bellowed their rage,

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their eyes ablaze with the fires of hate, until the battle is only to the strong. But in death the winner may not survive. The wolves and coyotes finish what remains.

The bears are not pronounced killers nor do they fight much amongst themselves, and in my experience and knowledge, never to death. The female cinnamon is a desperado and she is the only one who will tackle a male. She always gets the worst of a battle but she never seems to learn a lesson. The fight is quite a boxing match at first, but they will get into close grips until one or the other is due for a mauling. Then there is a break for the timber. I saw two blacks fighting in behind Castle Mountain one day and it was nip and tuck for a time with a lot of bad language thrown in. Eventually both of the challengers decided about the same time that they had had enough, so they broke loose, and both rushed for the deep woods in opposite directions, as fast as they could scramble. Often the bears, weakened by the winters fast, will fall victims to the stronger of their own kind and die of starvation. As they are big game, they usually fall before the rifle of the sportsman.

The cats are clean, ethical killers. That is to say, they will be sure that their victim is dead before they begin their meal. The house-cat is not so particular, although she probably learned the trick of torture from

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her contact with man, and a diet easily acquired. Feed a cat from the table and she is a poor hunter but keep her where she belongs, out where the vermin run, and she will not torture her victim to death. The great cats will all fight and to death, but it involves a lot of loud talk, dire threats and warnings. Much the same nature of what is passed back and forth on the back fence of every man's home. If they survive to a ripe age, they weaken fast when they start to decline and easily fall prey to another's spleen, or being too weak to hunt, will die of starvation. I have the idea that many of the old catamounts are victims of the wolverine but no one can be certain of this.

The wolves usually meet a death of violence. The dog wolves will fight and they always fight to kill. Their technique of battle is much the same as the domesticated dogs. A tearing at the shoulders, neck and ears until they break away and stand on their hind legs. Then the quicker or more experienced fighter will drop and rip the abdomen open. The victim cannot live long. I saw two wolves fighting in the big timber northeast of Winnipeg, when the feet of both were tangled in their own intestines. A king wolf reaches the fourth estate of his dominions by virtue of his great strength and cunning. He has killed all rivals but has added no females to his list of conquests. Timber wolves run in pairs and

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are reasonably loyal to each other. The female is especially loyal if there is no special provocation. The widows will never be won to the love of a king wolf, but I have every reason to believe that they will bide their time and eventually do their bit in the destruction of the beast who has slain their mate.

The death of most of the innocents is a tragedy. They seem ordained to die in such manner, and in their passing they fulfill the purposes of their Creator. However, there are some deaths both among the killers and innocents that are now and have been unnoted or unobserved. Many naturalists are asked at times if wild animals suicide. That might also be asked about the domesticated animals as well. Not speaking for all students of nature of course, I make this assertion definitely. Many, both wild and domesticated animals deliberately take their own lives. I teased a rattler one time till he turned on himself and struck close to his most vital centre, the middle of his spine.

I caught a female wolf once on what is known as a throw. She was not hurt but suspended by a rope and noose that held her by the neck and left front leg. She had been up for a couple of days and was so angered and humiliated by her predicament that when she was lowered to the ground, but still held prisoner, she

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deliberately ripped her fore-leg open, tore loose an artery and died looking defiance out of her devilish eyes.

A number of years ago I separated two mares I had used as a driving team. They had never been apart. I had taken them from the prairie and like all range animals their affection for each other was marked. I started to use the one mare for the saddle and left the other in the pasture. Three days of calling and mourning, and Nancy gave up in despair. She was seen to gallop to the highest bluff in the pasture and send out call after call of lonesome agony. Then she disappeared. My little boys, going out to herd in the saddle horses, found little black Nancy lying drowned in water that was so shallow that it hardly covered her head; a deliberate suicide.

I have a personal knowledge of many such deaths.

How do the old Indians die? Here is one form of their passing out. A red-man does not fear death. They are not at all stolid and unfeeling when death comes to their friends and relatives especially to the old folks. Their theology parallels their hopes and the Indian simply "passes out" into a heaven where there is no cold weather, no lack of food and tobacco and where the flowers eternally bloom on the rolling prairies and game haunts of the Better Land.

When the hard winter comes and the roving bands

HOW THE WILD FOLK DIE

following the game, have to move often, the old people suffer. Their blood has thinned out and the cold benumbs. They may delay the march and thus expose the young people to unnecessary hardships. After a discussion in the family, the wickiup is built. It is covered with boughs and old worthless hides and blankets. As the tribe prepares to move out, the good-byes are said with much the same degree of feeling that is evident when whites, journeying afar, bid their friends au revoir. Then the old people, facing the inevitable, hesitating for a last look on life, enter into the little darkened chamber and sit down for the last moment of their lives. The merciful cold comes creeping. There is no shivering, no suffering. The faculties dull, the brain, retarding the passage of blood through its channels, becomes delirious and unstable until at last, the deep sleep embraces them and they quietly drift off into the land of the Hereafter.



Photograph by H. R. Wolmsley

WILD CAT

This fellow has been cornered, and while "Bob Cats" usually do not show fight, the intruder must watch out.



By permission of New York Zoological Society

OTTERS

Otters are too short of limb to move easily on land but are wonderfully agile and graceful in water.

THREE WILLOWS GOES BACK TO HER TRIBE

THE ranchers had buried the old scout on the rocky side of the Old Comber in the afternoon. Kootenai was laid to sleep where the early eastern sun could peep through the canyon and light up his resting place with the promise of the gold of another day. Below him and to the west, the valley of the Kootenai Lakes spread out a great blanket of green, blue and brown as the prairie, the water of the lakes and the somber shades of the mountain spruce blended in marvelous pattern at his feet. It was a good bench for an old scout to rest on, a good ledge for him even in death.

Three Willows still stood beside the little mound of dirt and rock that the men had rudely fashioned into a cairn. She was alone at last—an outlander. Naturally a red woman, but legally white. She had inherited a strange situation.

She had not grieved much when Kootenai passed out and she was not grieving now. Her man, the scout, had gone to join up again with Jack, Silent Jack Street. A snow slide had carried Jack down into the valley two years before and Kootenai had mourned him greatly. The Indian woman's faith and philosophy were supreme. She would soon join Kootenai and Jack "over

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there" and so why mourn. It wasn't sorrow that held her puzzled, alone, beside Kootenai. It was what Jack Herron had told her. The Government would advise her to go back to her tribe. She had left her own people many, many moons ago. Kootenai was a young scout then with his hair hanging about his shoulders. She had been with a party of young bloods who had discovered the two young white men, Kootenai and Dave Benton, with their camp and their cache of liquor, and had run riot. Kootenai had been wounded and a young squaw rushed to his side.

Instinctively she defended him, bound up his wounds and saved his life. When her brothers and cousins left her, for it had been much of a family fracas, the young Indian woman made no move to follow.

"You are a good squaw, strong and brave. Be my squaw," suggested the wounded man.

She came closer and touched his forehead with the tips of her fingers and then made the sign of devotion over her heart.

"Me be your squaw, many, many moons."

For twenty years Three Willows had been Kootenai's woman. Then the government had stepped in on an errand of decency, and Kootenai made the Indian woman his wife, and for twenty more she had been his legal mate.

THREE WILLOWS GOES BACK TO HER TRIBE

Three Willows was a clever woman by any standards by which she might be judged. She realized that her position in the future would be a difficult one. She was a red woman physically and mentally but a white woman legally. As the wife of the white scout she had never taken treaty, for Kootenai was the second son of the Earl of Dunmore. While for twenty years he had been a squaw man, for her sake that she might know he recognized no difference in their status in life, he lived as an outlander, not even a citizen. He had squatters' rights, however, in the Park at the edge of the great prairie but his heritage was the mountains, the crags and peaks, the white water that came rushing down the canyons and the blue of the Waterton Lakes. This he had left to Three Willows when he passed on. She had meant to stay on in the little shack. She hoped to watch the sides of Old Comber Mountain in front of her for the sheep and goats that grazed high up on the crags, and took such mighty leaps from cliff to cliff. She did not mind the wolves. They had always been there, prowling about and always would be. When the elk came through in the summer it was fine to watch the little fawns at play. The grizzlies never bothered her and as for the cinnamons—well, she had Kootenai's rifle for any who attempted trouble. Then too, there

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was the fishing in the great river that started to flow out of the lakes at her feet.

She remembered, however, Kootenai telling her one night what might happen after he had gone. She had a white woman's rights as long as she did not take treaty money but he added a word of advice.

"Don't think, Three Willows, that white women will ever consider you an equal. To them you will always be a squaw. The Old Timers will always remember you as my woman and their love and respect will abide, but new people are filling up the prairies. The farmers and homesteaders are coming. If the Government asks you to go back to the Black-feet, ask them why, but go just the same."

Now her chance had come but she did not want to take it. The neighbors, the old timers who came to lay Kootenai up on the bench under the cairn, had called her the white name she treasured, Mrs. Kootenai Brown. Jessie and her boys had written a letter to her, good little Jessie who used to camp with her every summer and the boys who had learned all the tricks of the Indians in the hunt and who had grown up to march away to war. They had both called her by the white man's name, and in keener regard "Three Willows." The comparison of names made her wonder.

THREE WILLOWS GOES BACK TO HER TRIBE

She could not tolerate the term *squaw*, but being an Indian woman—that was different.

Jack Herron, the member of the Canadian Government for the district, was waiting for her as she came down from the mountain and rose to greet her as she entered the yard.

"Three Willows," he began. The old lady looked up startled—she was a *squaw* to Jack.

"The Government of the Great Father across the seas has asked me to tell you that they want you to go back to the Blackfeet at Gleichen. They cannot leave you here in the mountains alone any longer. The wolves are coming more and more every year; the bears and catamounts will kill off your ponies and you too, may be killed. That is not the way the great King cares for his red children. He wants you to be where you can be cared for when you are sick and old and because you are a Christian woman, he wants you to help your Blackfeet women to be good and useful Indians. You have a white woman's rights and the men have built you a little white cabin like this on the Reserve. You can live in that if you want to or as a Blackfoot you can live in the summer in a teepee. You can go into the circle behind the chiefs at the Council fires, and for your rights here you shall be paid in cattle and ponies. You can make treaty with the Great Father and

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his soldiers will protect you for all the moons of your nights and all the cold of your days."

Three Willows stood silent while Jack was speaking. Once or twice she raised her eyes to meet his in simple kindness and gratitude and as he finished she meekly advanced and offered him her hand.

"You have spoken, Napeska Wintoose. The Great Father is good to think of me. I go back to my people. I tell Blackfeet about the white-man's way to live. I tell 'em of white-man's God. It is good. I go back, Jack."

Then leaving him, she turned abruptly and walked to where there was an unbroken view of the bench where the body of the old scout lay, and in the nasal chant of the Indian women, she began: —

"Nasi, Nasi, Spirit of the Sun, shine on where my man, the white scout is resting. His spirit is now in the flower-land of the Here-After, and soon I go to him, to the flowers and honeybells. Make now the carpet of green from the prairie reach out to cover him while I go back to the Black-feet. Then dropping back into the language of the plains-people she knew so well, added, while the tears ran down her cheeks, "So long, old scout, see you later." It was her most affectionate term of farewell.

The boys from the Cochrane Ranch helped her round up her ponies and started her off to the east. Two of

THREE WILLOWS GOES BACK TO HER TRIBE

them accompanied her to the boundaries of the Reserve and aided her in adapting herself to the new conditions. She had never been ten miles away from home in forty years. The whole face of the prairie had changed. In her day there had been herds of buffaloes, antelope and elk. The boys explained to her about the fences but as she fingered the nasty sharp barbs, her jaws snapped together with a guttural protest. She saw villages and settlements, while several times they crossed two long, shining steel streaks lying side by side on an even and level trail. Once she saw some hogs rolling in the mud before a homesteader's shack. The boys told her what they were and explained that white men raised them to eat. The old lady grunted in disgust. There was some satisfaction in being an Indian after all.

At the end of the third day she reached the Reserve and the big encampment. After all the years she was back where she had started from. The men came out to show her the cabin and the teepee the Government had provided for her. A few yards away were the lodges of her sisters and half-way up the camp was the teepee of Crop-Eared-Wolf, her brother, and now chief of the tribe.

All about her was the life she had abandoned long ago. It was strange now but inspiring. The very sense of freedom gripped her. Already the Council fires were

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being lighted in her honor. Soon the young braves would dance the same dances she had delighted in long ago. The children laughed and played with the same abandon they had played in many, many moons ago. Some of the young squaws came close to examine the rings of gold that Kootenai had given her. A happy smile crept over her features—she was back home.

The Agent and two mounties rode up to greet her. She could live in the cabin as a white woman, or in the teepee and be a Black-foot once more when she made treaty. Before they had finished speaking, she seized the rope of her travois pony and hurried him to the teepee. Then she meekly walked to the soldiers and held out her hand in thanks.

As the officers turned to leave the camp, Three Willows threw back the shawl from her head, stood straight up facing the after-glow in the Western sky, and stretching her arms high above her head, she cried as only a lonely Indian woman can cry:—

“Kootenai, Sans Sami twa pori Siasapa;” “Kootenai, I am again a Black-foot.”

CHARITY CROMAR

THE Monday morning's mail from the Dry Fork was late. Tom Brooks had his horses and the covered stage before the hotel. His passengers, not many of them to be sure for Monday was mail day, were busy getting themselves and their hand-luggage stored away. The boys from the post office had stored the mail bags, all save one that they were holding open to receive the smaller sack of personal mail that came in from the ranchers and settlers, thirty miles to the south, from Dry Fork Post Office. From where they were sitting, the passengers and Tom Brooks could see up the south trail for nearly a mile, at least until the hills began to intervene. While they were discussing the situation, a horse and rider swung around the bend of a small butte and came down the trail at a hard, clean gallop. The big animal was running easily with a spring and recoil peculiar to the type of gait adapted by the short-backed geldings and mares generally known as quarter-horses. As they came closer, the men about smiled a recognition.

"It's Charity Cromar on Gilpin. There's some rider, lady." This, to a passenger who had been much interested in the animated scene.

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"~~Truly she is a rider,~~" answered the tourist. "Who is she, pray?" She asked Tom Brooks.

"I will tell you about her when we pull out. It will make a story."

Someone had left a buck-board across the lane that the rider had chosen in making a short cut from the outer trail. When the big horse came to it, he gathered himself for the leap and then cleared it as easily as if it had been a two-bar gate. The rider and horse were a unit. She had one hand raised in greeting, her laugh involved her features, and the joy of life, the radiant evidence of health, the pleasure of her anticipated greeting were so contagious that the waiting group, friends and strangers alike, were responsive to her flow of girlish spirit.

She hit the main trail about fifty yards down the street and then began to take up her horse's speed. A half-cheer, half-laugh sprang from her lips in greeting.

"Hello, howdy, folks. Hello Abe Mitchell, hello Tom Brooks, you old maverick. How are all the McLeod people an' when did you see Billy Scales last? Here's your mail, boys, tied in that slicker. Whoa, Gilpin, seems like you'd be ready to stand."

Tom Brooks got down from his seat and going over to Charity said, "Come down, girl, and come over and meet this here lady. She has been asking about you

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and I want her to know the finest young female woman on our range."

Both Charity and the lady heard Tom's preliminary and Charity swung her gauntlets at Tom's head in laughing protest and then dismounted and walked over to the stage. As she advanced she drew off her hard-brimmed Stetson police hat with its extra raw-hide guard. Her locks of perfect blonde hair, shingled man style, dampened somewhat by the sweat, clung in picturesque disarray about her head. She was as erect and sturdy as a mountain spruce and her complexion had a blending of the tan the wind imposed to make her doubly attractive. She looked to be twenty years old but the west ever penalizes its women by giving them an undeserved appearance of age. Charity was just past sixteen. She was dressed, too, for the occasion. About her neck she wore the inevitable loosely-tied colored neckerchief, and her rounded shoulders and body were clothed in a heavy khaki police shirt, riding breeches of brown corduroy and the regulation long boots with high heels completed her costume.

"I am so glad to meet you, Miss Cromar. I am Miss Martha Biddings of the east, just passing through your district hurriedly. Your ride in from the butte has thrilled me nearly into a spasm. The long gallop,

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your seat in the saddle, the splendid jump, the horsemanship—oh, it was wonderful!”

“Wonderful?” The western girl looked surprised. “I thank you, Miss Biddings, and I am glad to meet you. The ride in and the jump? Why I *should* ride. I am always riding and Gilpin *should* jump for he is always jumping. It all is in the day’s work, Miss Biddings. Come back to us here and you may learn to ride as we do out in the west.”

The boys had the mail in the regulation sack and safely stored away and as the stage moved away, there were “So longs” and “Good-byes” waved and shouted. Tom took his horses in hand, then reaching for his whip, cracked it threateningly over the heads of the leaders and the stage was whirled away on its thirty miles of a run to Fort McLeod. Over the bench—land into the coulees, through the fords and around the buttes the trail led, every foot of the way having a history all its own.

Mitchell turned to Charity after the mail had gone. “What happened to the mail man, Charity?”

“Well, Mitch, I don’t know whether he is sick or has soured on the job but he don’t seem mighty active to me. There wouldn’t have been a mail here this morning if Dad hadn’t wanted some letters posted that mother made ready yesterday. When I got to the office

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with them, Mrs. Doyan told me that one of the mail man's kids had been up to say that the dad was sick. Mrs. Doyan was edging to throw a fit about the mail not going in and throwing out broad and curlycue hints about the aches, pains, symptoms and general condition of homesteaders, easterners, tenderfeet and fool mail men who figured to make a living carrying a parcel of mail thirty miles twice a week. From all the smoke I dug up the notion that the old lady wanted the mail to go in, so there was nothing else for me to do but to tie the sack on with my slicker and bring it. Man, but me and Gilpin had the good time coming in. Say Mitch, if you see Archie McLean soon tell him that there is a bad bull in that pasture beyond the Red Butte. He is outlawin' for he is badly crossed and that bunch of white faces belongs to a group of men in Winnipeg. They are breeding close and surely don't want that stock in among their cattle.

"Guess I'll feed my horse something stout like oats and corn for the ride back."

Brooks let his horses work the keen edge off their spirits, before he asked his passenger, Miss Biddings, to join him on the box seat. She slid into that place so easily and gracefully that Tom was bound to notice and commend the action.

"Miss, you must have rode hay-racks, buck-boards

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or stages before. The way you hunched on that seat and tossed your legs over to the front, was neat."

There was a laugh at this but Tom meant the compliment, so there was no special reason for him to do more than smile. Twenty years driving a stage over the foot-hills and mountain trails is sufficient time to bury the laughs in a man's nature deep under the avalanches of a responsibility.

"What a wonderful drive, this morning, Tom Brooks," began the tourist seemingly with every desire to have her new-found friend understand that she was as democratic as he could hope to be. "I am riding here mighty comfortable and would you tell me about that wonderful girl, Miss Cromar, who rode in with the mail."

"Yes, Ma'm 'n it makes good conversation. As I said before, that girl is the finest example of a young female woman the west country—at least the Valley—has ever known, in my time at least. Her father's ranch is about on a line between us and Old Chief Mountain," he said, pointing with his whip to the big gray peak in the south, "and out there about twenty-five miles."

"John Cromar is an invalid," continued Tom, and in his interest he dropped much of the careless line of discussion so many western people affect. Miss Biddings

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noticed his more perfect conversation, and later on, complimented him on it. "Two years ago, one morning he was wrangling some young horses in a corral and one of them hit him on the shoulder as it rushed past him 'round the fence. Something cracked in his back, as he stumbled from the force of the blow, his hands fell helpless at his side and he has never been able to lift or use them since. John had then, about forty saddle horses and maybe two hundred head of white-faced cattle. He was a real rancher but his herd was not large enough to afford the help to handle them as he would have liked to. The result was that his two girls, from childhood, have been active in the work among the stock. Charity was fourteen at the time of the accident, she is just past sixteen now.

"Looked older, did you say? I know it but that girl has lived two years of a grown man's life and work and responsibility since John was hurt.

"The doctor's bills and expenses ate up their cash the first year. The Cromar's were never people to go much in debt, so Charity, her sister Janet, and Nellie Moore from the Walrond, did most of the herding and winter feeding. At branding time the Stock Association looked after the round-up and selling.

"Cutting this story short, since that time this young girl has shouldered the responsibility of the ranch; has

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done her own culling and breeding and bossed her own herding and branding. She has had a run of luck to help so that her herd has grown. She branded seventy heifer calves last month, while her losses have run only about 8 per cent."

"How did she get that name?" asked Miss Biddings.

"Well, it's hard to know when the range folks started calling her that, and I think Aunt Hattie Moore put it on her first. She and Aunt Hattie was always hunting up some chance to do a little charity work or looking after sick people. Doc Hewetson says that Aunt Hattie brought in the voters and Charity seen to it that they grew up.

"Look yonder," continued Tom. "See that little settlement up that valley between those Porcupine Hills, yonder where that wisp of smoke is venturin' through the scrub." "Well, those are Dunkards. Some sort of Quaker-like folks, honest and kind, and yet so dog poor that they have mighty hard times getting through the winters. Charity, Aunt Hattie, and 'Stone Ann' have just about established the settlement."

"Stone Ann? Who is she, Tom?"

"She is one more of the strange characters of the west. Can you stand the plain talk if I tell you something of her?"

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"Of course, I can. Shoot! I was not born yesterday."

"Well, when we top that hill we are coming to, we can see one of Stone Ann's homes. Most of the time she lives in a big house at Milloy. Out at this house she is a foreign lady, of Vienna, Austria. Some day, somebody is going to tell the world about this strange woman who lives that she may serve in righteousness."

"Why Stone Ann?"

"Baker, the English novelist, wrote a short story about a woman he called 'Ann of the Stone Country' and a lot of people thought he meant Ann. If he meant this woman he only told the things he thought people would be interested in and forgot to say anything of the good she had done."

"Let us get back to 'Charity's' story," suggested the tourist.

"Last season Charity rode the round-up with her sister and Nellie Moore, from the first day to the end of the season and the Rodeo on the big bench east of the Dry Fork. The second day of the Rodeo, which was the last, she hoss-whipped a young Mormon named Smith, related in some way to a big man among the Utah Mormons and she did it right in the ring the Stock Association had made for the contests. Of course, some of the homesteaders' women folk and some of the

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the grub-pile, there was never a word spoken, or a move made that could offend or irritate them in any respect. Of course there were jokes and joshing, but there was always a limit. The officers, or one of them, of the Stock Association was on hand, but with regard to the protection of the three girls, they were never needed.

"This man Smith was practically a stranger. He visited every summer with some friends in the settlement at Carston but at no time did the riders consider him any more than a visitor.

"No one ever knew, save the girls, just the nature of the insult offered by Smith. They carried their troubles to Joe Mathews, the Secretary of the Stock Association, and he took up the matter with the foreman of the Cochran Ranch with whose men Smith was riding.

"The result of the interview was given no publicity but Smith was notified that as a visitor to the Round-up, his privileges at the camp had been cancelled and he was advised to keep out of the drive. Especially he was warned to keep off the range at night. He was, however, cordially invited to the Rodeo and asked to bring his friends with him.

"The Rodeos we enjoyed in the old days were mostly, purely local affairs, the contests being confined to the riders engaged in the round-up."

"Were the Rodeos the same as those being promoted

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in Pendleton, Oregon, these past years, Tom?" asked Miss Biddings.

"Well," continued Tom, "One Rodeo is about the same as another but this one on the range of the Dry Fork had another feature that furnished us enough thrills to last us for three moons.

"One full day of roping steers, with every man nervous and every other steer getting away before his time. The roping and tying was done any day out on the range by a snooper looking for mavericks. The next day was given over to the horse wrangling and there was better contests, and keener rivalry with an awful bunch of outlaws to conquer. Also there was a bigger and better crowd. The men arranged the buggies, wagons, buck-boards, and every sort of conveyance that had been used to bring the people, in a large oval about three hundred yards long by one hundred yards wide. It was open at the one end and faced the corrals at the other so that the animals had a direct run into the arena.

"The contests were about ended as Secretary Mathews rode around the oval asking the people to remain quietly for a little time longer as they were going to have the biggest attraction of all immediately.

"I don't suppose any more than three people of those about the ring, knew of what was going to happen.

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Quietly, as they were directed, cow-men and riders moved about until ten of them had taken places about Mormon Smith. He was mounted on a big gray range-horse and carried on his saddle his coiled rope and a bull-whip as well.

"Some of the personal friends of the man seemed to resent the movement of the men isolating Smith and voiced their protest but there was a menace in the silent aggression of the riders that put a silencer into effect.

"The last event had been concluded and the men had cleared the ring, when from somewhere outside, Charity Cromar came riding. She was mounted on a little cream-colored pony that she had been training to play polo. He was smart as a fool, could dodge and turn, shoulder and pivot like a hockey player and was not afraid to travel under a bull-whip. Charity rode around the ring slowly once with her riding jacket on. Before she started 'round the second time, she discarded her hat and jacket, and then taking her bull-whip in her hand, she passed her arm through the raw-hide guards, carried them above her elbow, and made a couple of turns to hold them in place. Grasping the handle of her whip firmly, she let the lash drag on the ground till she rode to a point opposite to where Smith and the cow-men were.

"In the meantime, Mathews and Bishop Sadler had

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wormed in beside Mormon Smith with their horses and engaged him in conversation. What they said to him had a decided effect upon the men guarding him but the drama was too alive for any other show of feeling.

"With Charity sitting her restless pony waiting, the group of men with Smith in the centre, moved out into the ring, Bishop Sadler holding the rein of Smith's horse. The men jumped their horses back to their places in the crowd leaving Smith and the Bishop in the ring.

"Now they knew what was to happen, and they began to call their taunts and shout their encouragement to Charity. The little girl was taking the one way to avenge an insult that had a direct appeal to the men. This was the supreme courage and the daring to show her world; all the west, that men, brutal and indecent could not insult and alarm an innocent girl and get away with it. Smith was pale and without doubt frightened. He booted his horse even while Sadler held the rein. He looked about the oval to discover an opening. The gaps were closed and the whole assemblage alive to the situation now was shouting and cheering their sentiments. Sadler eased his hold on the reins of Smith's horse and the instant they were free, Charity got into action. Like a hawk that drops on a rabbit Charity sent the yellow kid straight at Smith's horse. As he circled the big gray horse, Charity began to whirl

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her whip. Throwing it in the S loop and straightening it again, the raw-hide snapper at the end of the lash fell across the shoulders of the man, cutting through the web of his shirt like a knife and raising a red welt a foot long on his flesh. With a curse, Smith turned his horse and tried to ride Charity down. The yellow kid was working on a neck rein and hopping from a boot in the ribs and working and hopping like magic. He dodged away from the danger then whirled to jump into the fight again. The frenzied spectators threatened to close in but Charity with a dexterity born of long practice, threw her lash across his fingers, drawing the blood and checking all his attempts to use his whip. Again he tried to ride her down but the pony never let him close enough to touch his rider. Again and again the lash circled and struck with Smith still intent on riding her down. This time he succeeded in seizing the lash but Charity passed it over the pommel of her saddle, and snatched it out of his hands nearly dragging her enemy out of the saddle.

"For a moment Charity rode away from her victim to adjust the raw-hide snapper which seemed too heavy for the lash. To release this she resorted to the old trick the cow-punchers use for fraying out the snapper. She threw it on the ground and when the pony stepped on it, she snatched, breaking off the raw-hide, and leav-

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ing the woven end frayed and much lighter. When she returned to the fight she was better prepared to inflict punishment than she had been before. Spurred on by the shouts of encouragement, she drew on all her resources of strength, skill, and cunning to effectually punish her traducer. He did not attempt a move that she was not able to thwart and with added punishment. They drew apart for a moment to give their horses a chance to get their wind and he sneeringly referred to her attempts to punish him. She answered him by edging her pony to one side then whirling him behind Smith she raised herself in her stirrups and struck back-handed with all her might. The lash reached his shoulders again and this time it bit through to the blood. A mounted police private rode out to inspect the wound but Smith waved him aside and prepared to continue the fight. He had his own whip loose now but his lack of skill in its use made it of little avail. He was punishing his horse more than he was bothering Charity. She kept away from it for a time and then, when he was making an S loop and waving his whip with an intent to cut his tormentor in ribbons, she threw her own lash, tangled it with his, and passing the whip over the pommel of her saddle, snatched it out of his hands. Then she had to ride out for the time necessary to release it. As she returned he rode hard to hit her pony,

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to close in and drag her from her saddle or to snatch the whip from her hands. Her face was aflame with the exertion and excitement but she did not waste her breath with words. Again and again the lash circled and bit. His shirt was cut, and his shoulders were bleeding and at least twice the lash had reached his face. The sight of the blood and the frenzy of the crowd forced her nerves into a state of nausea and hysteria. She rode to one side and prepared to wave to Mathews, signalling him that she was through when Smith, with a horrible curse rode again to knock the yellow kid. Again he failed, and as he passed the dodging animal, he struck at Charity with his closed fist hitting her a glancing blow on the chin. The little Scotch girl reeled for an instant but immediately recovering herself, rode to the edge of the oval. Smith followed her, seemingly under the impression that she was running away from him. Charity was rolling the lash about her hand, and had reversed the whip so that the wooden handle now was her weapon. Turning away again from him and laughing in his face, she whirled her pony on his heels and sent him square against the shoulder of the bigger horse. The pony caught him off the balance and the big fellow stumbled. Charity pressed her advantage and as she rode in close she struck Smith heavily over the head with the handle of her whip. The Mormon

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rolled off his horse and as the men ran in to pick him up Charity rode across the area to her excited and hysterical mother, dropped from her pony and promptly fainted in the arms of Joe Fraser. Afterwards she confessed that there was some satisfaction in fainting when Joe was handy to catch her."

The stage was nearing Fort McLeod as Tom Brooks finished his story. His passenger had paid him the compliment of being a perfect listener. The details of the drive which had lost their significance during the telling of the story came back with startling interest.

There was the ford of the Old Man River just ahead. Yonder to the north the men were laying the steel of a cut-off into the north line, across the river was the old fort and the mysteries of the Royal Mounted. There in the distance was the big house of Stone Ann. South, on the Crooked Trail was the Blood Reserve, across those hills old Charcoal had ridden; Charcoal, the old outlaw, and just inside the walls of the fort the police hanged him.

Just before the train pulled in, Miss Biddings asked Tom Brooks a question that kept him guessing for quite a season:

"Just how do western girls settle their quarrels now?" Then she added: "Think this over till next summer, Tom, and tell me then. I will come back to get your answer."

DANNY

THERE is an old saying in the Northwest Royal Mounted ranks, that has a world of conjecture and meaning in it:—"Never give a constable full credit for a patrol, and its success until you have studied his horse." This is a judicial utterance. Westerners make the claim that the plains-born horses are by far the most intelligent of the species, and there seems to be considerable truth in it with sufficient evidence to back up the statement. It is certain that they possessed more stamina. I never met up with an eastern horse, save those of the Irish Hunter stock that could stand a fraction of the punishing effort the cow-horses were subjected to continually. I have known of horses that carried at least 200 pounds weight from sun-up to dusk, throughout all sorts of paces, over all kinds of country, with only part of a gallon of what we called "hard feed."

Every other day was work and on the off days the horse had to rustle his grub from the buffalo-grass.

With regard to the police horses, the application of intelligence is easy to understand. The men loved their horses and gave them good care and consideration. In return the horses gave them service, love and devotion without stint. Each knew the possibilities of the other,

DANNY

and especially did the men know that the success of their patrol depended greatly on the courage, intelligence and stamina of the beast between their knees.

Being alone with their horses so much, all riders of the plains talked continually to their mounts. Men like to hear the sound of their own voices. To the lonesome man, the isolated soul, the companionship of an intelligent horse or dog is beyond understanding.

Jack Hayes used to tell of Robin Forbes, a young Scotch Mountie in Hayes' detachment who would get into a religious argument or a discussion of theology with his horse every time he went out on patrol. On occasions he would proceed to expound the Gospel with a somewhat explosive and yet reverential eloquence, encouraged to a crisis that would always have a dramatic and sometimes a profane termination. This was especially true if in his rolling lope, the horse happened to step into a badger-hole.

Robin did not intend that Danny, his horse, his one love and his best friend, should grow conceited in any respect.

"Danny, noo I'm tellin' ye they had horses as good as you ever were, way back in the days o' th' Bible. Th' prophet Elisha tell't aboot them in his story of the white horses in th' mountain." And then as Danny would swerve off into some old Indian trail that ran

DANNY

across the prairie, Robin would call out:—"Here, Danny, come oot o' that travois trail. You're old enough police horse to know better than that. Keep on the grass where the goin' is easy on your feet. How's the new saddle fitten ye, Big Boy."

Again on the prairie the big brown horse would mix up his gaits, eventually to merge into the strong single-foot which was his usual, masterful stride. Then would continue the conversation.

"Danny, do you remember that little shack o' sod up behind that bluff over there the other side o' the mirage? Ye ought to, Danny. You took a big ride from there. The little woman that came running down the hill waving her apron and cryin'. You took a bit scarem, till you understood. An' you remember we went up to the wee shack to see the sick child of her and then we knew it was th' diphtheria. That was the fine run ye made, Danny. Forty miles in to Edmonton and forty miles out again and you'd made twenty before that, but we brought oot Braithwaite with his medicines in time to save the life of the wee lass."

"Noo, I'm tellin' ye this, Danny, an' ye needn't get snooty about it, ye'er the grand'st single-footer in the force, but ye trot like ye was being dropped down a mile."

DANNY

The patrol was leading Robin and Danny into the valley of the north Saskatchewan one time later and they came to the last steep ridge.

"Climb it a bit, noo, Danny. Just o'er yonder's th' river. Ugh, man that was a climb. Get your wind, lad. Yon's the city, Saskatoon. Ye ken eight years ago, you and me came across the railway bridge on a hand car. You recall, it was in the June flood, and high water had ta'en oot the ferry. We were over there on the city side and that Piegan outlaw, "Mule-Deer" was runnin' loose down by the Sanctuary, and we had to go get him. Those were the orders, an' there was nothing aboot how we were to get across the river. There was only one way for it, we had to cross on the bridge. You could not walk the ties and sleepers, and but one train a day, so we got out the rail flat-car. You couldn't ever forget that ride, could you, Danny? Don't ever anybody tell me horses don't reason or ain't got no sense. You knew we had to get across the river, and no need for a second look to know that the raging flood of melted snow from the mountains made swimming out of the question. You know that we were out on patrol, and there was nothing for it but the flat hand-car. I got some planks, laid them end-wise and fastened them together and to the frame of the car with a chain. When I told you to climb it, the

DANNY

look out'n them big kindly old eyes of yours told me to my teeth just what you thought of me.

"You darned Scotchman, you've put me into more tight places and asked me to do more fool stunts than any other man on the force would have dared. But duty is duty, and I'm a soldier. I'll go with you, but for God's sake, Scotty, be careful."

"Then you climbed the car, Danny, like a Royal Mounted soldier you are, stood at attention like a piece of statuary, and off we started. If it hadn't been so early in the morning, I could have had some help, for the pushing was hard for a spell. Then we got out of the yard, and heading for the river, the going was good. But when we hit the bridge and you got a good look of that roaring flood seventy feet down, I thought sure you'd jump, Danny, because you were the only horse out of a thousand, and a soldier as well, you stood at attention and stood still.

"We were on parade, Big Boy, and the white horses of the Prophet were watching you. Nearly half-a-mile o' the scariest passage a horse ever made, but you never moved even your wise old head. None other horse ever had a trip like that before, and none since, but YOU did it. Danny, you knew enough to keep your head, an' ye knew it was all in the day's work. Then when we had crossed over and were safe again I

DANNY

got ready and hollered to you "Jump." You didn't sprawl all over the rails like to break your legs but you made the spring easy-like and safe and landed stiff legged on the gravelly bank safe as a mountain goat.

"Getting 'Mule-Deer' wasn't much of a job. We've had worse ones, many a time, old Pal. The Indian took a bit of a mauling when he tried to bite me but I'm peevish about an Indian's bite. We brought him in an' you must have been right leg tired, carrying the two of us, but you know, Danny it was all for the sake of law and order."

